MOODS AND MELODIES

POEMS

BY W. C. LEET, M.D.

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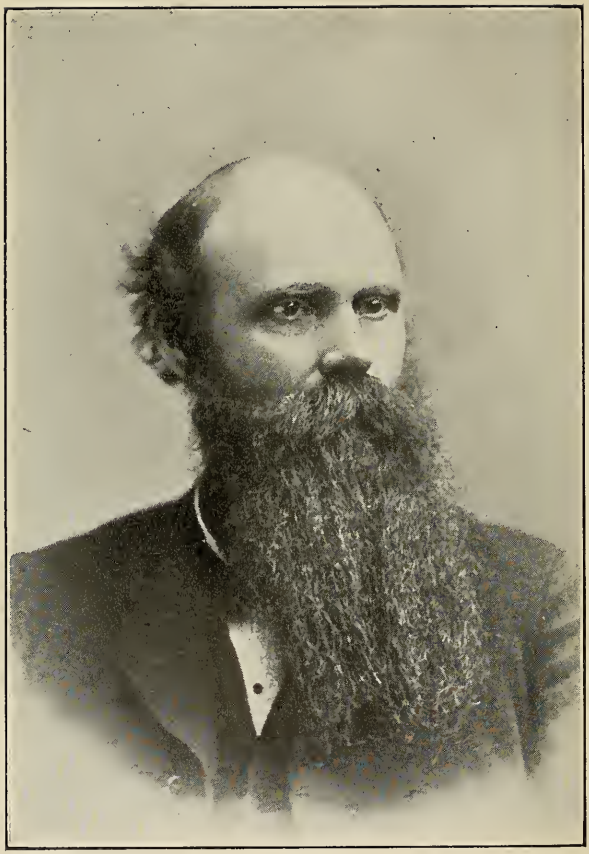

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THE AUTHOR TO HIS READERS.

It is with a great deal of trepidation that I present my little book to you. But I trust I may receive the sympathetic throb of Christian hearts, and not their unkind criticism, when my reasons for writing the work are fully known.

After administering, for nearly forty years, to the bodily ills and infirmities of my fellow human beings, and after my life-partner (who was the light of my way) was taken from me, I retired from the practice of medicine. Finding myself, thus, without any definite employment, my mind became restless, and in order to quiet that feeling I began writing short poems. As I had quit giving tonics to bodies weakened by disease or supplying soothing lotions for aching limbs I determined to minister to the social and spiritual needs of humanity. To do something that would call attention to the needs of the immortal part of our nature—to point to the one and only Source of true happiness and eternal vigor.

In my writing I have scrupulously avoided long, mystical poems, almost entirely confining myself to plain, simple subjects and plain simple words. I can truthfully say that the majority of the pieces are based on real facts. If in my effort I shall succeed in giving any human being an uplift towards a better or a happier life, then I have accomplished the desire of my heart.

Sincerely yours,

W. C. LEET, M.D.

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MOODS AND MELODIES

HOME

O GIVE me but one glimpse of home—
Home as it was when I was young,
When with companions pure and free,
We played the buttercups among.
We wandered by the brooklet's side
To gather lilies where they grew,
Or chase the bee from out the flower
And catch the butterfly e'er it flew.
And when of sports our childish limbs
Grew weary and we longed for rest,
We homeward turned with longing hearts
To meet our mothers and be caressed.
And when the evening shadows grew
To darkness and the stars did peep
From out the firmament on high,
We sought repose and rest in sleep.
O give me back but one short day
Of childish thoughts and childish glee;
Midst fields of home in summer-time
'Twill be an eden here for me.

FOR AN ALBUM

NOT for wealth or renown;
Not for my noble birth;
Not for my personal beauty—
But for my own true worth.
Remember me,

W. C. L.

FOR AN ALBUM

SINCE on this spotless page,
To me you grant this space,
Of flattery may truth forbid
My pen one word shall trace.
May Heaven grant the prayer
I make for you this day,
May guardian angels ever drive
Your sorrows far away.

HOME MADE SAD BY A TALEBEARER

THE devil made inroads today
On a heart that was happy and light,
And the touch of a talebearer's tongue
Has brought sorrow and gloom like a blight.
'Twas a friend (?) as is always the case;
Such story in secret would tell

Of a scheme that was purposely meant
To hurt you I know very well.
But mercy, don't say that I told you,
It would injure my business you know;
This injunction reveals to me plainly
Her story was hatched down below.

FOR AN ALBUM

JET truth be your motto, strive always to win
That which is pure and noble, shun all that
is sin.

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA., IN SUMMER

September, 1902.

ALL come here to drink the water—
Father, mother, son and daughter;
All is life, and joy, and fun—
Some seek the shade, some like the sun.
Here time amusement finds for all;
Some ride the wheel, some play at ball;
Shuffleboard, croquet and quoits
Give all a chance to show exploits.
Among this moving, living throng,
Is wit and wisdom, music, song;
All seem by look or act to say:
Let's make this life a holliday.

WINTER AT CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.

THE crowd is small, sedate, select,
Each for the other have respect,
And shut indoors by stormy weather,
In friendship's bonds are knit together.
But still with future days in view
Each have some useful work to do,
And hand and mind are both employed
To make this earthly life enjoyed.
And thus our days were spent together,
In winters cold and stormy weather,
And closer forged is friendship's tie
Until we have to say good-by.

REFLECTIONS

OUR youthful days pass swiftly by
And age comes creeping on;
We seek for joys once highly prized,
But they like youth have gone.
How hard for us to realize
That time will never wait
For us to cherish what we love,
But moves with increased rate.
And years press years so swiftly on
Our minds are filled with gloom,

We cannot count life's fleeting hours
Between our birth and tomb.

HE AND SHE

SHE: If you were I, and I were you,
What do you think I would have you do?

He: If you were I, and I were you,
Tell me, I pray, what you'd have me do.

She: You in my arms I would fold like this,
And then I think I would steal a kiss.

(Lines suggested by some beautiful verses, composed by Clara May Howe, of Nashville, Tenn., and sent to her aunt, Mrs. Annie L. Leet.)

THE thoughts within you, little book,
Drop sweetness from above
Like nectar stilled by angel hands
And sent by heavenly love.
Write on, and may the heavenly muse,
Direct your every thought
To sing of Jesus and the life
Which He for sinners bought.
With precious all-prevailing blood,
When none to save was near,

He left His home of light and love
Our fainting hearts to cheer.
Yes, sing of Jesus, heavenly lamb,
The light, the truth, the way
That leads from death and darkness here
To realms of endless day.
May heavenly grace direct your pen,
God help your every thought,
To raise the fallen, cheer the poor,
And you at last he brought
Into the fullness of the love,
The peace, the joy divine
Of Christ the judge. Who then shall say
My child these all are thine.

MY FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT

SOME shady nook by a babbling brook
On the mountain wild and free,
With a line and a hook, my wife and a book,
Is a good-enough place for me.

TO ——

THE rose is called the queen of flowers
By lovers of the arts,
But you are sweeter far, Lucy,
And I call you queen of hearts.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR A YOUNG SCHOOL GIRL

STAY not, stay not, at point now gained,
In learning's pleasing fight,
But nerve the will and plume her wing
To reach some nobler height.

FOR AN ALBUM

'TIS friendship prompts you here to grant
A place to write my name,
May truth and honor here unite
To give you back the same.
O may these lines forever be
Attractive to your sight,
And on the tablets of your heart
My memory keep bright.

GRACE, 'TIS A CHARMING SOUND

'TIS the grace of God so tender
That guides His child aright
And restrains the tongue from gossip
That the heart or home would blight.
'Tis the grace of God so tender
That teaches ways of peace,

Where wrath, deceit or gossip reign
He causes all to cease.
'Tis the grace of God so tender
That fills the soul with love
For all mankind, and says go tell
That I am from above.

FIRST LOVE

IT is not on thy blushing cheek
I'd have the teardrop rest,
Or sorrow cause one throb of pain
Within thy gentle breast.
I'd have thy young unclouded brow
So pure, so bright and fair,
That time and change could never leave
One trace of sorrow there.
I'd ever have thy young face wear
The beauty now thy prize,
And fond confiding love beam forth
From out your lovelit eyes.

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND, MRS. GEORGIA M. M.

THE greater the prize that is offered,
The harder the struggle to win;
Contest if the cause will enoble,
Withdraw if you think it a sin.

The pathway to fame, though a rough one,
Gets smoother the higher you go,
And leaves behind many whose envy
Makes progress uncertain and slow.
Do not falter because some may censure,
Others criticise what you may do;
Go on and be sure, if you conquer,
They will all hurrah loudly for you.
The motive that prompts us to labor
For honors should always include
The helping of other poor mortals
To something enduring and good.
The mind that shall live on forever,
Companion with angels above,
Should be taught while in perishing bodies,
The glories of heavenly love.
Should we strive then for honors that perish,
When those that endure can be won
By accepting a crown from Jehovah
Through faith in His well-beloved son.
O, why do we long for crowns of bay,
Which fade when we're under the sod,
When the brightest jewels in earthly crowns
Are the children trained up for God!

PRAISE THE BIBLE

BRIGHT shines the light of heavenly love
From out the word divine
To cheer the hearts of feeble saints
And make their faces shine.

Divine compassion, pity, love,
The king of kings controls;
He sent His only son to earth
To rescue dying souls.

Thy perfect love, thy perfect work,
Eternity may scan,
And search in vain a flaw to find
In thy redemptive plan.

O make me feel the saving power
Of Jesus' precious blood,
To free me from inherent sins
That lead away from God!

Forgive, O God, if I presume,
To ask for one thing more:
A heart prepared by heavenly grace
To worship and adore.

AN APPEAL

DOWN from Persia's rugged hills,
From India's burning sands,
From Turkey's bloody empire,
We see the outstretched hands

Of helpless widows pleading,
And saying, Won't you bring
To us the living water
From God's unfailing spring.

There's helpless orphans crying,
Because they have no bread;
From such a picture brother,
Turn not away your head.
I'd rather give a little
To help the poor distres't,
Than build a gorgeous palace
For those well fed and drest.

THE SABBATH

THIS day the heavenly Lamb ascends,
Before my raptured eyes,
From scenes of sorrow, sin and death,
To glories in the skies.
O, sacred day of peace and joy,
Of worship and of rest!
Hallowed by thy maker God,
Mankind in thee are blest.

ON SEEING MY WIFE LOOK SAD

PRAY tell me if 'twas aught I did
That makes your face look sad,
The one above all others loved,
The face that makes me glad.

Yes, tell me what sad, cruel thought
Has settled 'round your heart,
And drove away the smile of love
By sinful subtle smart.
Say if some thoughtless word or act,
In which I took a part,
Has crushed the light, the joy, the peace,
That dwelt within your heart.
Yes tell me dear, and if it was,
By all that's good above,
My joys I'll sacrifice to get
Your old-time look of love.
If I'm the cause, oh let me hear
Your gentle, loving voice
Say I forgive you all you did,
Then will my heart rejoice.

AFTER LOOKING AT A PICTURE OF A FRIEND

A BEAUTIFUL picture cheers my heart
As I look at it day by day,
It is not a beautiful landscape,
But a beautiful picture of Mae.

(A beautiful poem found among my wife's papers, but it did not have the author's name.)
I call it

CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT

O GOD of Israel, deign to smile
With pitying eye on me,
And bless my hours of lonely toil
And raise my heart to thee.
Then happy in my humble state,
I never can repine,
I'll envy not the rich or great,
If thou confess me thine.
Let others mourn their humble lot,
But I will work and sing,
For though the world regard me not,
My father is a King.
From His bright palace in the skies
He sees me where I roam,
And by and by He'll bid me rise
And bid we welcome home.

(Condolence for Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Mc. —— after the death of their infant daughter, January 10, 1907.)

A MOMENT'S stay to be caressed,
A poignant grief to be suppressed;
For surely God knows what is best—
She is an angel now.

—MATTHEW 18:10.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN IN THE GOSPELS

WHAT lack I yet, the young man asked,
While hoarding up his pelf,
That I eternal life may have
I want it for myself.
The law I've kept through all my days,
From youth to manhood grown,
If aught that I should do still lacks
Good master make it known.
All that thou hast go sell and to
The poor and needy give;
Take up thy cross and follow me,
And thou shalt surely live.
Shun youthful lust for wealth or fame,
Such treasures cannot last;
They will take wings and fly away
Like leaves upon the blast.

Seek first God's kingdom and His love;
This done, thy soul shall live;
Then all good treasures of the earth,
God promises to give.
To such as keep His covenant,
God's promises are sure,
A crown of life He gives to all
Who to the end endure.
With sorrowful, dejected heart
The young man went away,
Preferring treasures earth had given
To heaven's eternal day.
How sad this picture and the fate
This narrative unfolds,
Of those who lose eternal life
While trusting in their gold.
But happy those whose hearts are set
On heavenly things above,
Who strive to do their Master's will
And live in Jesus' love.
Thrice happy those with riches blest,
Who to the needy give,
And those who hear the Saviour say:
Come unto me and live.

WHO?

WHO makes the vapor chrystallize
To form the fleecy snow,
And then to water turn again
To make the lilies grow?
The beauties of the falling snow,
Let myriad voices sing;
Yet 'tis as dust or soot compared
To plume from angel's wing.

(*On presenting of colored plates on Surgery to my friend Geo. A. D., M.D.*)

THESE plates portray the ills of life,
And teach you where to use your knife;
Consult them then with earnest care,
And for each case yourself prepare.
Then take your scalpel furbished good;
Nor be dismayed at sight of blood;
A thorough operation make,
Both for your own and patient's sake.
Then when your patient has got well,
He will his friends and neighbors tell,
How you with skillful hand and knife
Removed disease and saved his life.
My advice is:
When full of praise his lips shall be,
Be sure and ask him for your fee.

A THOUGHT

HOW if you would be good or great,
Look where those gems are found;
Above the sordid things of earth
God's goodness knows no bounds.

(*In my absence Mrs. Leet wrote underneath the above:*)

IN anything you have to do,
Try and do it well,
For at the close of life's short day
Honest work will tell.

THE BABY IN THE HAMMOCK

THE hammock swayed, the infant slept
The sleep of innocence and love;
The wind that fanned its peaceful face,
Was guided by the hand above.
Sleep on, sweet cherub, take your rest,
May angels always guard thy bed,
And ever on your path of life
The light of peace and joy be shed.

Sweet babe could I your guardian be,
The thought came to me as I gazed;
No sin should ever blight your life,
And all your deeds by men he praised.
But as I mused, my conscience said:
Could you give wisdom to the mind
Of this sweet child of innocence,
And you so weak, so sinful blind.
Thus chastened for presumptuous thoughts,
Concerning things I longed to do;
My heart in penitence was bowed,
And near the throne of grace I drew
And whispered, Lord forgive my sin,
Help me to see Thy mercy shine
Through sorrow's clouds so I can say:
Dear Lord, my will to thine resign.
Sleep on, sweet babe, and take thy rest,
For God, who made thee, only knows
How best to guide thy precious life,
And give you either joys or woe.

TRUST

THE leaves on the tree may be hoary and gray,
Your home that you long for seems far far away,
Though you may be weary, or hungry and frail,
Put your trust in the Lord for His mercies ne'er fail.

Though angry seabillows may dash on the shore,
Though dear ones that left you come back never more,
Though you may be lonely, dejected and pale,
Put your trust in the Lord for His mercies ne'er fail.

Remember bright leaves on the tree will appear,
Remember the home that you long for is near;

Seabillows no longer are tost by the gale,
Put your trust in the Lord for His mercies ne'er fail.

Remember dear ones that have gone on before,
Will welcome your coming on heaven's bright shore;
No longer dejected, or lonely or frail,
You trusted in God and His mercies ne'er failed.

(To Miss Estella McKay, whom we met at Cambridge Springs, Pa.)

YOUR letter came like a sad sweet song
Recalling joys that are past,
That were swept away by Time's ruthless hand
Like leaves on the storm king's blast.

It brings out treasures long hidden away,
By dust of corroding things,
And paints a picture on memory's walls,
As we met at Cambridge Springs.
It recalls a group that have sought relief
At the fountains where God has designed
A sovereign balm in the waters pure
For diseases of every kind.
In the group are some that are young and fair,
Some are old and withered and gray,
But each one seemed overflowing with mirth
While we stopped at the cottage Quay.
Those happy days like a shadow have past,
But there lingers still behind
Sweet visions of friends and joys that are stamped
Indelibly on my mind.
O happy days, full of innocent mirth,
Will you come back nevermore;
I would like to meet the same happy crowd
Ere I pass to the golden shore.
Each face I recall as that of a friend
Whom I met at the Cottage Quay,
But one above all of that happy throng,
Is pretty Estella McKay.

FOR THE FIRST BORN OF A FRIEND

DEAR little Cathyrine, with a white dress,
Sent to be cherished, loved and caressed;
Welcome, sweet cherub, to heart's home and love,
God fit you while here for heaven above,
And when you are called from earth's sorrows away,
May you dwell with our Saviour forever and aye.

INVOCATION

ONE boon alone I ask
Of all that mortals share,
A spotless, upright Christian life,
Oh grant the humble prayer.
Guard me from every snare
The Tempter spreads for me,
And when with sin or anguish pressed,
Lord help me go to thee.
Help me to go in faith,
Asking Thy help divine,
To bear the burdens of this life,
My will to Thine resign.

BEREAVEMENT

I WONDER not that my head is bowed,
And my heart feels heavy and sad,
For I miss a form, my pride and joy,
And the voice that once made me glad.

I watched the light in her eye grow dim,
And the rose on her cheek grow pale,
And I saw her form, once plump and strong,
Grow so weak, so thin and so frail.

Then sorrow settled down like a pall
O'er my heart once happy and gay,
And I knew the blighting hand of death
Would soon take my loved one away.

I sought the Lord at the throne of grace,
And prayed that his mercy would spare
The life of the one I loved so well,
All my cares and my joys to share.

He answered not with the mercy sought,
But did what He knew was best,
And took from my heart the one I loved most,
To the beautiful land of the blest.

Thrice was the question asked "Will I live?"
And I answered I do not know
But if it's God's will to take you now,
Are you willing, my dear, to go?

And thrice she answered with calm sweet voice,
Like one that is sure of the rest,

In the house not made with hands above,
With her Saviour she answered yes.
And then through tears of joy I could see
That the Saviour had been her guest,
And gave her faith in His words so dear,
Saying "Come unto me and rest."
And while I am sure she is happy,
Where sickness and death are unknown,
I long for her presence to cheer me
In life now so dreary and lone.
Though joyous companions surround me,
And life seems so pleasant to all,
I sit like a dove on the housetop
Awaiting its loved one to call.
But why should I question the wisdom,
Or why should a reason be sought
From God, who in wisdom and mercy
Appoints for his children their lot?
I am sure she has gone to the Saviour,
Who guided her life in the past,
To whom with a childish devotion
She committed her all at the last.
Then help me, dear Lord, to be humble,
Resigned to whatever is done,
And feel that in fatherly kindness
Thy chastening sore hath been done.

THEY LIVE

WE never can forget the songs
Our mothers used to sing
To drive all troubles from our hearts
And peaceful slumbers bring;
Nor can we e'er forget the kiss
That took away the pain
From chubby hand a thorn had touched
And made it well again.
No, those were but eternal truths,
Impressed by mother's love
On tender hearts, and cannot die;
They were of God, He's love.

GOD'S GOODNESS AND MERCY

PURE from the Lord's creative hand,
Adam and Eve in Eden dwelt,
Midst fruit and flowers, rich and fair
At pleasure's shrine they knelt.
Creation's morning pure and fair
Breathed love, and only love;
And beast and bird, and creeping thing,
Knew love, and only love.
And all of life was peace and joy,
The hours went and came
Without one thought of sin or death,
Until the Tempter came.

Till then no sin had cursed the ground,
Which in its beauty lay,
A picture of the heavenly home
For those whom God obey.
But when the Tempter came, this scene
Of beauty was transformed,
And all that once was peace and love,
Has now become deformed.
The myrtle and the rose are now
Supplanted by the thorn,
And the sweet and gentle zephyr
Becomes a raging storm.
No more the gentle lamb can lie
Beside the wolf in peace,
For sin brought sorrow, strife and death,
When perfect love had ceased.
Frail man, your failure to obey
The God who gave you breath
Has brought upon you toil and pain,
And also endless death.
From Eden's bowers pure and fair
Jehovah bids you go
To till the ground now cursed by sin,
Where weeds and briars grow.
And at the gate from whence you go,
An angel stands on guard,
To keep the tree of life from thee,
With burnished flaming sword.

Eternal life is now beyond
Thy power and of thy race.
And if they find eternal life
'Twill be by God's free grace.
But blessed be Jehovah, God,
Though Sinai thunders loud,
We see compassion in His heart
By rainbow on the cloud.
And then the loving Saviour came,
And taught us to forgive
The errors of our fellow man,
If we in Him would live.
He says I am the truth, the way,
And sorrow's constant guest,
Lay down your burdens at my feet,
Come unto me and rest.

THOU HAST GONE

THOU hast gone, my loved one, at the call of the Lord
To a home that is free from all sickness and pain,
What a sweet consolation for me now to know
That my sorrow and loss is your infinite gain.

ONLY A NIGHT

THE time is short, twelve hours, no more;
But, oh what sorrows that night may contain,
Weeping for wealth we so dearly bought,
And the bitter tears we cannot restrain.
We have labored long and hard to get
What we thought would make our yearning hearts glad,
But in one short night it has vanished,
And we feel so grieved, dejected and sad.
Only a night, but in that short time,
Heartstrings have broken and reason took flight,
For the death angel entered our home
And left us but sorrow, darkness and blight.
Yes only a night of sad watching,
The throb of a heart in casket of clay,
That is striving to break earthly fetters
And soar to the light of heaven's bright day.
It is only a night of sad weeping,
In the dreary prison of sin and grief,
But the joy of the morning dawning
Pays well for waiting the coming relief.
Then lift up your voices with shouting
Of praise to God, who, in infinite love,
Prepares his own children by sorrows
For glorified crowns in heaven above.

When the night and weeping are over,
No more shall we grieve or tremble or fear,
But in pastures green our God shall lead us,
And Jesus himself shall dry every tear.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

IN the so-called royal palace,
In the hut of vice and shame,
Children are born by the thousand,
Some to have wealth and some fame.
But the picture changes color
When we ask which shall it be,
The one in the royal palace born
Or the one in the hut, let's see.
True riches can only be found
In the peace and joy and love
Which comes from faith in Christ alone,
And that faith is from above.
True fame is what a person does
To assist his fellow man
To live a pure and holy life,
And that is the Saviour's plan.
Then both may obtain these honors,
Which Jesus alone can give;
The one that is born in the palace,
Or he in the hut that lives.

Where then is there grounds for boasting
By those who riches obtain,
Or those who by toil and struggle,
Have risen to heights of fame?
Both come from the God of mercies,
A gift of sovereign grace,
To the wealthy or the lowly,
It includes the human race.
Then praise and adore the Saviour,
Who gives both riches and fame,
Which last through eternal ages
Untarnished by sin or shame.

DID YOU EVER

DID you ever dream of saying
Something funny in your sleep,
And because you couldn't mind it,
In the morning you felt cheap?
Now I'll tell you how to mind it,
And I do it for your sake,
Just do your funny dreaming
In the daytime when awake.
Did you ever dream of sailing
In a boat upon the lake,
When the creaking storm-tossed vessel
Caused your throbbing heart to quake.

Now to free you from such terror,
I suggest that you command
The elf that took your boat to sea,
Just to row it on the land.
Ah, then you say you dream of wrecks
While speeding on the rail,
Of seeing sights and hearing sounds
That caused brave hearts to quail.
Now a good relief from dreaming,
I commend to one and all,
Is to keep your liver active
And you will not dream at all.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

THE way of the world is to censure and blame
The efforts of all that are feeble or tame
In striving to honor the heaven-born name
Of our conquering saviour, Jesus.
But blessed be God, all their efforts are vain,
To put out the light of that life-giving flame
Of love that is found in that wonderful name
Of our conquering saviour, Jesus.
They pose to be saints, while with Satan 'tis plain
They work and endeavor to give others pain,
But at last with the dragon they all will be slain
By our conquering saviour, Jesus.

And then will all darkness be turned into day,
And envy and hatred have no place to stay,
For hearts that were sinful will now turn and
pray
To our conquering saviour, Jesus.
O hasten the time, gracious God, when at last
We all shall be freed from the sins of the past;
In heaven our crowns at his feet we will cast,
At the feet of our saviour, Jesus.

WORLDLINESS

IMMERSED in thoughts of wealth or
fame,
All mingle in the strife
Which surges round them like a storm
That threatens every life.
Wild passions rise on every hand
And lust for sordid gold
With ruthless hand breaks every tie
That memory sacred holds.
Sweet thoughts of love that once the heart
Made warm are cast aside,
And honor, once the fount of joy,
By passion's hand has died.
Yes passion to be rich or great,
And live like kings or queens,
Has ruined hearts and homes alike,
Nor is life what it seems.

O cruel lust, thou child of sin,
O passion wild and strong,
When will your deadly hand be stayed
From doing further wrong?
    Not till the conquering love of Christ
    Shall break the stubborn will
    Of sinful man and say to lust
    And passion to be still.
Then peace, sweet peace, will spread her wings
O'er every clime and land,
And joy, fidelity and love,
Control each heart and hand.
    O come blest Saviour in thy might
    And conquer every foe
    To honor, truth and righteousness
    And make the people know
Thee as the only source of joy,
Of love, of peace divine,
And that salvation for the soul
From thee alone doth shine.
    Then shall the glory be thine own,
    And all shall give thee praise,
    And sing thy glorious majesty
    Throughout the endless days.

PROTECTION

WHEN the angel of night casts his shadow o'er all
And chilly winds creep into bedroom and hall,
May the Lord in His mercy protect us from fright
And sovereign grace keep us safe through the night.

When we wake in the morning may love fill our hearts
To'rds God who in mercy His kindness imparts
Unto all poor weak sinners who to Him will cry
For pardon, He'll grant it, He will not deny.

Ho, then, everyone come, his salvation is free;
The Saviour has suffered for you and for me.
O then, sinner, be thankful, accept and adore,
And, crowned by your Saviour, rejoice evermore.

TO MY FRIEND, DR. A. C. SMITH

THE automobile is a wonderful thing—
Moves not like a ship or bird on the wing—
But it gets there.
One night as I sat in my humble retreat,
A rap at my door brought me onto my feet;

I answered the knock, when to my surprise,
There stood my friend Smith with his laughing
blue eyes.
"Come in and be seated," I hastened to say,
But he answered, "I cannot; I've no time to stay.
I'm on my way home and, with chivalric pride,
Said, "Put on your coat and I'll give you a ride."

I accepted his offer, and soon was made feel
The jerk and the roll of his automobile.
Uphill it goes, at a fairly good pace,
But downhill goes like a sprite in a race.
When a breaker it strikes, you go up in the air,
And before you get down, you're almost in despair;
For you think of some business you ought to
have done
Before you embarked for a century run.
You hold to the auto with genuine dread,
For fear the next moment you'll stand on your
head.
But now in a trice we have struck level ground,
And the quiet you long for you think you have
found;
But what a delusion—you scarcely can wink—
E'er you strike a sharp curve and are just on the
brink

Of what looks like chasm, dark as the night,
And your hat seems to rise off your head at the sight.

But the auto turned gracefully under command
Of Dr. A. C., whose strong, steady hand
Turned it hither and thither, wherever he willed,
Until Brownsville was reached and the auto stood still.
Twenty-four miles in two hours at night,
No wonder a child like myself should take fright.
But now when I think of the romance and bliss
Of that ride I can say, "Call again, Dr. Smith."

REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

I HAVE traveled for leagues over mountain and plain,
From my home in the East to the golden Coast.
I have crossed the great desert, a sad dreary waste,
And fertile green valleys of which men may boast.

On Pacific's great bosom, for hundreds of miles,
I have watched the gray gull on his tireless wings;

And the whale, sporting free, in his blue ocean
home,
Where the sea-lions roar and the coral moss
springs.

O'er the Sierra Nevadas, where silver and gold
Are being procured at a wonderful cost;
Through canyons and gorges, so sublime to be-
hold,
Where Nature's convulsions the rocks high
have tossed.

I have lodged in the cities and stopped in the
towns
Built back by the mountains, or on ocean
strands,
But for beauty and culture I never have found
A place more congenial than pretty Redlands.

HAS PASSED

NOW Christmas has passed,
With its comforts and cheer;
Would God these good feelings
May last for a year.

With heart filled with praise
To Our Father above,
May we live in the future
In brotherly love.

WHY IS IT?

YOU meet with a stranger, while passing along,
And you part and another is met
With as sweet a smile, and perchance as fair,
But the first one you cannot forget?

Though years may pass, with their joys and their cares,
Which may cause you to laugh or to fret,
And throngs go by with a smile or a frown,
But the first one you cannot forget.

It may have been a short moment you talked,
Or a glance from a passing car, yet
A flash of the soul through the eye was all,
But the first one you cannot forget.

The first had a soul filled with kindred love
For the soul which just now it has met,
And each stamped the other with tender thoughts
So the first one you cannot forget.

What a solace in lonely hours to feel
That another may also regret
That the passing months bring no word of joy
From the one they can never forget.

FOR AN ALBUM

MAY your life be crowned with the blessings asked for in this book, and as free from sorrow as the invocations are from original thought, is the earnest desire of your friend.

W. C. L.

ON THE OLD GRAVEYARD

(When there was an effort to turn it into town lots)

WHAT hallowed memories cluster 'round
This plot where kindred sleep
And hearts far distant from this spot
Love's sacred vigils keep.

Here aged sires, with toil oppressed,
To make for loved ones home
Laid down their weary limbs to rest
Without one sigh or moan.

They sacrificed their manly lives,
In fighting beasts of prey
And clearing ground of giant oaks
Where rest their dust to-day.

Here mothers sleep who nightly prayed
To God that He would spare
The lives of children dearly loved,
Their joys and woes to share.

Here lies the soldier's manly form,
Whose heart once true and brave,
Responded to his country's call,
Her liberties to save.

Of revolutionary fame
Some sleep beneath this sod,
Who risked their lives this land to free
From tyrants' heavy rod.

Yes, sacred memories center here,
From East to golden West,
And loving hearts are praying God
Their kindred here may rest.

But times have changed since loving hands
Placed dear ones here in graves,
Now venal motives hold some men,
Like shackles on the slave.

And selfish love of ease or wealth,
By sordid hearts possessed,
Begrudge the dust of infant child
Upon its mother's breast.

For shame, ye vampire hoards, retreat
Back to your murky den,
And ne'er proclaim your selfish schemes
To sons of patriot men.

Sleep on, ye brave and sainted dead,
May God protect your dust,
Till Gabriel's trumpet shall bid you rise,
To stand among the just.

MISGIVING AND HOPE

HOW hard to comprehend the love
Concealed beneath the blow,
That makes our hearts in sorrow bow,
And lays our dear ones low.

The mystery that shrouds our minds
In sorrow's robes to-day,
Will be revealed in visions clear,
In God's own time and way.

And then in anthems loud and long,
With angels bright above,
Adoring wisdom, power and grace
We'll sing redeeming love.

COMPOSED WHILE DREAMING

IN my mail to-night, which came to me,
A hungry and ragged girl I see—
An appeal for help that has come to me
From an orphan girl far over the sea.

A CALL FROM LOVED ONES

ONE night as I lay on my downy couch,
I dreamed of a far-away home,
Where dear ones rejoice in the Saviour's love,
And, reaching out hands, they say, Come,

Come to the land where no sorrows are known,
Where we need no light from the sun,
But the Saviour, dear, is our light and joy,
As through endless cycles life runs.

O why do you stay in a world of sin,
That corrupts and defiles the soul,
When we long to meet you in this fair land—
A city of pearls and of gold?

I answer I long to be freed from sin
That has cursed my life with its blight,
And be made rejoice in my Saviour's love,
Like the saints in your home of light.

Lord, help me to keep near the Saviour's side,
And to trust in His guardian care
To lead me through valleys of sorrow here,
And my lonely moments to share.

Then, when sanctified by His blessed word,
And His spirit has set me free,
In His strength I will rise to your home of love,
And live with my Saviour and thee.

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD

WHY stand you here idle, all the day long?
The Lord of the vineyard had said,
And they answered, No man hath offered us work
Whereby we may earn needed bread.

Go into My vineyard and work, said the Lord,
Whatever's right I will pay.
The clusters are ripe and need to be gathered,
Go, work then, no longer delay.

Some entered my fields in the early morning,
And have labored on until noon.
They are winning the bread that shall never fail,
Though the harvest be over soon.

Go into my vineyard and work through the day,
From noon until set of sun;
At the close of the day the good Lord himself
Will say those sweet words, "Well done."

See the evening shadows are gathering fast,
The eleventh hour has come,
Go into my vineyard and labor to-day,
While yet there is light from the sun.

Go into my vineyard and labor to-day,
Is the word of our risen Lord,
Then haste to obey while his patience endures,
And reap in the end rich reward.

Why tarry, my brother, when Christ bids you go
To the field where His mercies abound?
Go work to the close of life's pilgrimage here
And at last with salvation be crowned.

THE VISION

AND he showed me a pure, sweet river of life,
Flowing out of the throne of God and the Lamb.
It was clear as a crystal, and deep and wide,
And flowed with a majesty peaceful and calm.

And, on either side of this beautiful stream,
Stood the tree of life in its radiance grand,
Whose leaves were to heal all the sins of all nations,
Both Gentile and Jew, from all climes and all lands.

And none are compelled to cross over this river,
The life-giving leaves of this tree to obtain;
But all are invited to rest 'neath its shadow,
And eat of the fruit without labor or pain.

Blessed God, give me words to tell the sweet story
Of life in the water and life in the tree,
Where sin-burdened souls may drink and be happy,
Or eat of the leaves and give glory to Thee.

Then come to this river, poor sinners oppressed,
And drink of the water—'tis flowing for thee;
For here and here only salvation is found,
'Tis the depth of God's mercy for you and for me.

Delay not to come while the spirit still strives
To lead you from darkness out into the light,
He says He will not always strive—then beware
Lest he leave thee in sorrow and take His last flight.

INVITATION

FROM ivory palaces there comes
A smell of spices sweet,
Soft music, too, from sainted souls,
The sinner's ear to greet.

Sweet mercy bows her sacred head,
And stretches out her hand
To welcome sinners to her rest,
From every clime and land.

She says to you, O men, I call
The maimed, the halt, the blind.
My voice is to the sons of men
Oh, hear, and you shall find

A peace so sweet, a joy so full,
No tongue can ever tell,
The raptures of the heavenly home,
Where saints and angels dwell.

There hallelujahs to the Lamb,
All the redeemed shall sing
Ascribing glory, honor, praise,
To heaven's eternal king.

O strive to join this happy throng—
The spirit calleth now,
While mercy waits with outstretched hands
Unto the Saviour bow.

THINGS THAT MAKE LIFE PLEASANT

HOW sweet is the music of singing birds,
In the early days of spring,
But sweeter far is the noise that is heard
As the children shout and sing
From alleys and streets in city and town,
O'er valleys and hills in the country brown.

How dear to my heart are the rosebuds sweet,
That out of the vine do spring.
But dearer by far are the children's arms,
That around my neck do cling;
They awake in my heart a kindred love
To that which comes from the Father above.

But what are these joys that last but a day,
In this world of sin and strife,
When compared with pleasures that last for aye,
In the home of eternal life?
A drop in the ocean of endless time,
Compared with the joys of heaven divine.

Then why should I let any earthly joy
Lead my mind so far astray
As to fill my soul with this world's alloy,
And shut out the dawn of day,
That breaks on my vision soft and clear,
As I study the words of my Saviour dear?

ON RECEIVING A REQUEST FOR MONEY FROM THE TRACT SOCIETY

I READ your appeal for money,
In a careless sort of way,
And thought, it's the same old story,
Told in a different way.

There are so many calls for money,
I cannot give to them all;
So I laid it aside at once,
To wait for another call.

It came, but not in a letter,
As so many others had come,
But the voice of my conscience said,
The Saviour's work must be done.

I heeded the voice of conscience,
And turned to see what to do.
An appeal from hungry children
Was the first thing met my view.

Next cripples asked for assistance,
Then the blind who need our care,
And the famine-stricken countries,
Shall they get nothing but prayer?

The mountain whites in our own land,
Forgot because of our greed,
Left to die without the gospels
On whose word their souls should feed.

I ceased looking up the letters
Of Union Sabbath school work,
Of Y. M. C. A. and missions,
From none of which we should shirk.

Then this tract society asks us
To drop a mite in their till,
So they with the gospel raptures
The minds of sinners may fill.

How noble the work of giving
To the poor, the blind and weak,
But grander far to teach a soul
Salvation through Christ to seek.

O happy is the man whom God
Has taught His word to believe,
That far more blessed is the man
Who gives than he who receives.

So I'll try to give a little
To each call that comes my way,
And trust to the Lord to give me
Enough for my needs each day.

SAD REMEMBRANCE

HAPPY days, when by my side,
A loving wife did stand,
To cheer my heart when troubles dark
Stood 'round on every hand.

The keenest sorrows that I felt
Would fly when she was near;
Her presence more than armies strong
Could keep me from all fear.

But oh, how lonely are the hours
I spend from day to day,
And try in vain some joy to find
Among the young and gay.

Could she be with me once again
My heart with joy would thrill,
And waking nights and cheerless days
No more my life would fill.

Poor, selfish heart, could you now wish
Your dear who's gone before
To quit her home of light and love,
To be with you once more?

No, God forbid that I should wish
For such a thing to be;
But help me bear my sorrows here,
My soul from sin set free.

Then, when my race on earth is run,
My soul will take its flight
To heaven, where sorrow is unknown
And faith is lost in sight.

We'll meet again, no more to part,
In mansions fair above,
And praise through all eternity
Our Saviour's dying love.

HISTORY IN VERSE

WHY weep ye now, by Babylon's streams,
Ye unbelieving Jews?
To trust in God or sinful man,
You had the power to choose.

The patient, loving, gracious God,
Through all the desert way
Protected from oppressors' hands,
While Him you did obey.

Even bread from heaven sweet and pure
He gave you day by day,
White like hoar frost or glittering gems
Upon the ground it lay.

To let you know his love and power,
Jordan, at His command,
Her muddy waters stayed, and like
A palisade did stand.

You passed beside the crystal walls
Of water standing high
O'er river beds to Canaan's shores,
And every foot was dry.

He brought you to a pleasant land,
Where milk and honey flow;
And for your sake the mighty kings
Of Canaan He laid low.

But when, with peace and plenty crowned,
To heathen ways you turned
And clamored for an earthly king
And God's protection spurned,

You trusted in your own frail strength,
Nor on the Lord did call;
And soon life's honey sweets were turned
To bitterness of gall.

And Babylon's king, with army strong,
Swooped down like bird of prey,
And Israel's pride, the young and strong,
He captive led away.

And now in cruel bondage chained,
In bitterness you weep,
Your harps once tuned to mirthful songs
On silent willows sleep.

Sweet songs of Zion, long forgot,
You cannot sing them now;
And keen remorse for sinful ways
Makes all your hearts to bow.

Weep on until your scalding tears
Shall melt within your heart
The idol worship of the land,
In which you took a part.

Hear, then, His promise ever true,
In loving words that burn,
If you forsake your sinful ways,
I will to you return.

Then from oppression's galling hand,
He will once more release,
And to your native land again
Will bring you all in peace.

And then once more the sacred songs
Of Zion you may sing,
Also lie down and sleep secure
Beneath the shadowing wings.

THE CALL

FROM Persia's rugged hillsides,
From India's sunny land,
From Turkey's bloody empire,
There comes the Lord's command:

"Go, teach those needy nations
The way to truth and right,
And free the helpless children
From darkest heathen night."

CHRISTMAS REVERIE, 1909

ALONE I sit in my humble abode,
Thinking of life that is past;
Of the innocent joys of my childhood days,
That were carried away like the ocean spray,
Or leaves on the autumn blast.

Alone I sit in my humble abode,
Thinking of life since then,
Of the girls and the boys, the sorrows and joys,
The love or the hate which comes early or late,
To make up the lives of men.

Alone I sit in my humble abode,
Wondering why this should be,
When the story sublime, of the olden time,
Tells of peace on earth by the wonderful birth
Of a Saviour for you and for me.

Alone I sit in my humble abode,
And think of the crimson tide
That once flowed from the cross for all that are lost,
From the home of the palm to the icebound calm
Of the north where men abide.

Alone I sit in my humble abode,
And list to the Christmas chime
Of the dear church bells, which the sweet story tells
Of the humble birth of my Saviour on earth
And the first glad Christmas time.

Alone I sit in my humble abode
And thanking my God I say
All glory and praise to the end of the days
For the joy that is found in the mystical sound
Of the bells on Christmas day.

SAN DIEGO BAY, CALIFORNIA

BLOW ocean breezes, gently blow
From islands green, though far away,
And bear upon your unseen wings
Sweet peace for San Diego bay,
For on its shore I sit and watch
The blue waves trembling in the light,
Then rushing, dash upon the rocks
Like maddened furies in a fight.

The broken waves now turn and flee
Back to their native home they go,
And, reinforced, they come again
Like armies charging on a foe.

And while this ceaseless war goes on,
I sit and watch it with delight,
And sigh regrets because too soon
Darkness will hide it from my sight.

Yet still I feel this war will wage
'Twixt ocean waves and rocks and sand
Until the foaming tide is stayed
By peace be still the Lord's command,
Although compelled to leave you now,
By twilight darkening into night,
I'll come again and watch thy waves
Flash diamond rays in noontide light
Till then, sweet bay,
Good night, good night!

THE JOYS OF BOYHOOD

ONE comforting solace is left yet
That turns all my sorrows to joy,
Is the fact that long years in the past
I enjoyed the rare sports of a boy.
Remember bare feet in the summer
While tramping through mud on the road,
Or floating a chip for a steamboat,
And fancied it carried a load.

Just think of the hide and go-seek, too,
So full of excitement and fun,
In dodging the touch of the seeker
And gaining the base by swift run.

Green apples, chock-full of cramp-colic,
That hung on the tree in the lane,
Was too much for poor innocent childhood,
From eating he could not refrain.

Then mustard placed over the stomach
And hot brick applied to the feet,
Then catnip tea flavored with garlic,
A treatment few doctors could beat.

Sweet thoughts, how you drive away sorrow,
And fill a lone heart full of joy,
While I think of the pleasures of childhood
And envy the life of the boy.

THOUGHTS IN THE NIGHT

I JUMPED into bed with an earnest wish
To be soon in the land of nod;
And committed my all, both spirit and flesh,
To the hands of a merciful God.

And soon I was straying in dreamlands fair,
'Midst trees that were fair to behold,
In beautiful Redlands far away,
In the land of roses and gold.

And by my side sat a lady fair,
So gentle, so kind, so chaste,
Who showed me the beauties of Smiley's heights
That so lately were barren waste.

But, touched by the wand of culture and wealth,
They now bloom like a garden fair,
With roses and orchids and pansies bright,
And trees from all lands, that are rare.

We looked from this modern Pisgah top
O'er thousands of acres below
That were green and golden with orange groves,
Surrounded by mountains of snow.

But my dream, like all dreams, came to an end,
Yet it left a delicious pain
That rankles and burns as the days go by,
So I long to go back again.

And behold once more those rapturous scenes
Whose beauty no tongue can e'er tell,
And hear once again that tender sweet voice
That follows me now like a spell

HYMN NUMBER ONE

ON the ocean of time we are drifting along
Day after day we are nearing the shore
Where a friend or a foe we will meet
when we land,
And fixed will our soul's home be evermore.

Drifting, drifting, we're helplessly drifting
Without compass or pilot in our bark;
Saviour have mercy and stretch forth thy hand
And lift us in safety into Thy ark.

Blest Saviour, Thou hast heard the helpless sinner cry,
And hast stretched forth Thy mighty hand to save;
Our life-boat is anchored at the cross where He died
And our souls have been ransomed from the grave.

Drifting no more on sin's stormy ocean,
But resting secure at the Saviour's cross,
Singing the anthems of redeeming love
That saved us though His precious life He lost.

Anchored forever in heaven's peaceful harbor,
Tossed no more on sin's ocean, dark and wide,
But resting secure in the love of our Saviour,
Washed and made clean by the blood from His side.

Drifting no more on the ocean of sin,
Having no compass or pilot to guide,
But safe and happy in the Saviour's love
'Neath His ever sheltering wings I abide.

THE WINTER KING

THE winter king, out of his northern home,
Has come with a sprightly air
And has wrapt the ground in a beautiful robe
Of snow, so chaste and so fair.

But I care not how white your snowy robe is,
You come with a frosty breath
That strips from the trees autumn's foliage fair,
And brings to the sweet rose, death.

O return, stern king, to your cold, icy home,
Take back your mantle of snow,
Let the cold earth return to summer's sweet bloom
And the icebound streamlets flow.

Then forest and field, with their mantle of green,
Will cheer wherever we go,
And the bees sing dreamily in fair bowers
Where lilies and roses grow.

O! cheer me once more with the bright days of June,
That throb with the coming feast
Which our Father provides in the harvest time,
Rich viands for man and beast.

Then hie thee away, winter king, to the north
To your home of ice and of snow
And let me rejoice in the flowers' sweet breath
When the balmy south winds blow.

TRUST IN THE KING OF GLORY

THE hosts of God are marching on
And victory is sure,
The invitation's free to all,
Heaven keeps an open door.

Come, join this army, sinner, come!
Why longer thus delay?
The spirit will not always strive,
Make haste, and come to-day.

Now, now is the accepted time,
The spirit may not stay,
But take his everlasting flight;
Oh! sinner, why delay?

The King of Glory leads this host
And they are sure to win
Who trust in His almighty power
To conquer every sin.

The grave his body could not hold,
Though sealed and made secure,
And guards patrolled the sacred spot
To make his capture sure.

But hell and sinful men in league,
To disappointment doomed,
Grew pale and trembled when they saw
The Lord rise from the tomb.

Hail! mighty Conqueror, all hail!
The angels cry within;
Lift up your heads, ye gates, ye doors,
And let the King come in!

WHAT IS LIFE?

"WHAT is life?" I ask the earth,
When leaves do bud, and flowers bloom;
I wait an answer, but in vain,
For earth is silent as the tomb.

I ask the stars, the moon, the sun,
Great lights that shine in heavenly space,
"O! tell me, won't you, what is life?"
But all move on with silent grace.

I ask the evening wind that sighs,
O'er dear ones' grave in silent home,
"Cannot you tell me what is life?"
And zephyrs' sigh turns to a moan.

I ask proud man, "Say, what is life?"
And with all his wisdom hoary,
He answers slow, "I do not know;
Go and ask the King of Glory."

I turn to Jesus' sacred word,
So reassuring in the strife,
And read with joy His words so dear,
"I am the way, the truth, the life."

My search has fathomed what life is,
And unto you, O! men, I call,
Come give obedience, love and praise,
To Christ, for He is all in all.

TO A ROBIN

BRIGHT harbinger of balmy winds
That wakes to life sweet flowers of spring,
I love to see your bright, red breast,
To see you hop and hear you sing.

You're welcome to my garden lot,
And to my humble cottage home;
Come build your nest in vine or tree,
And tarry here, no more to roam.

I'll gladly share my bread with thee,
Or stir the turf that gives you food;
Your shrill song cheers my lonely heart,
To see your bright eyes does me good.

Then come and make a league with me
To share my lot and for me sing,
That I may ever have in mind
Sweet thoughts of heaven's eternal spring.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD YEAR

JUST as quiet as a sunset, the old year passed away,
Not into outer darkness, but into endless day;
And bore upon his unseen wings a record that is true,
Of noble deeds of kindness we all tried hard to do.

And yet, alas! how short we come of doing what we could
To soothe lone hearts that sorrowed, and cheer the poor with food,
What wicked one did we turn back from deeds of sin and strife
Into paths of peace and love and of eternal life?

Farewell, dear friend, you've hurried on one unit more to be
To close up time's great circle and be eternity.
You did not die as some assert, for years can never die—
They live, the sinner to condemn, the good to justify.

The record of our lives you keep to meet us at the throne,
And there before the Saviour reveal what we have done;
What varied records human lives have on thy ledger traced,
That in the awful judgment by each one must be faced!

Thrice happy are they all who strive to keep the Lord's commands
And thankful are for blessings from His most gracious hands;
They, who in God do put their trust, will find protection sure,
Also mercy, peace and strength, all trials to endure.

Trust then, in Jesus only, though dark your page maye be;
He'll make it white as snow by His blood shed on the tree;

O! help us praise the Saviour, help us worship
and adore
Our blessed Saviour, Jesus, both now and ever-
more!

BE SURE

BE sure when you sing of God's mercy
Your heart is in tune with the song;
And strive with a Christian devotion
To show that to Christ you belong.

'Tis He who in mercy upholds you
And strengthens your faith for the fight
With Satan who strives to destroy you
And puts all his armies to flight.

He gives you the hope of salvation
Through faith in a Saviour so dear;
He shed his own blood to redeem you
And free your sad heart from all fear.

O! who can refuse to obey Him,
Who says, "I'm the truth and the way,
My home is in heaven eternal,"
Oh, turn to him, sinner, to-day!

Yes, come with your heart-burning sorrows,
Poor sinner, with conscience oppressed;
Confess Him and live for His glory
And then your dear soul shall find rest.

(I desired to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of our marriage but when the day came my dear wife was on her death-bed, and I did not have the pleasure I desired.)

IT'S fourteen years ago, my dear,
Just fourteen years to-day,
When we from slumbers sweet awoke
In the morning cold and gray.

The morning air was crisp and cold,
But our hearts were warm and true;
And hopes beat high within our breasts
As near the church we drew.

On January twentieth,
And in eighteen ninety-one,
Our single life was forfeited
And our married life begun.

When, in the rector's room we stood,
Side by side in joyous life,
He from his book of Rubrics read
Words which made us man and wife.

Since that sweet day for fourteen years
I have longed no more to roam,
With you to share my joys and cares,
I wish for no other home.

Yes, fourteen years have come and gone
Since I took my marriage vow;
I loved you then with a loyal heart,
But I love you better now.

And now, before these earthly friends
And God who in mercy reigns,
I pledge to you unchanging love
While reason and life remains.

THE QUESTION

WHY should I not, with love sincere,
My Saviour worship and adore,
When I remember on the cross
The pain of all my sins he bore.

He did not leave my guilty soul
Without a hope to cheer my way,
But in His loving word divine
He leads by grace from day to day.

Help me to read Thy precious word
With care, like miser counting gold,
Each morning and at evening, too,
It's truth and wisdom, Lord, unfold.

Thy precious promises, O! God,
Desponding, doubting hearts do cheer;
And faith, with loving hand, leads on
To free the trembling heart from fear.

"Come unto me and be ye saved;"
O hear the loving Saviour cry;
"He that believeth shall be saved,
He that believeth not shall die."

Dear, Lord, Thy gracious word of love
No mortal tongue can e'er express;
My soul Thy changeless promise claims,
Turns to the Saviour and finds rest.

Sweet rest, where doubts and fears no more
Can give the anchored soul alarm,
For underneath Thy sheltering wings
Hell's marshalled hosts can do no harm.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER came in with a warm, sweet breath
And a kiss for the weakly rose
That labors to give out its sweet perfume
Ere its beautiful petals are froze.

She came like a queen in her gorgeous robe
Of crimson, and purple, and brown;
When I come to think she is wearing with grace
Her same old last year's done-over gown.

And with all the bright tints of the rainbow
To deck her and make her look gay,
Soon the breath of time's hoary old frost-king
At his feet all her beauties will lay.

But complain not, because all her glories
Must be changed, yea, must fall and decay,
For remember that God, in His mercy,
Will give back far more sweetness in May.

COCK-ROBIN AND HEN-ROBIN

COCK-ROBIN and hen-robin, on a June day,
Had met at a neighboring well
To talk over matters pertaining to life
And each had a story to tell.

They talked of the ills and troubles of life,
Of joys and of spats by the way;
And each one tried to prove they were right
And the wrong on the other to lay.

He told of the spiders and bugs he had seen
In a barn but a little way off;
He said that spiders would stop diarrhœa,
And was also quite good for a cough.

She said I care nothing for spiders or bugs,
Such nonsense I haughtily spurn,
I long for a mate with a nest for a home,
And give me a diet of worm.

He said, I care nothing for worm or for mate,
All of which you know very well;
And if my advice and kindness you spurn,
You, your nest, and your worm, go to —.

She replied, Dear, robin, don't be quite so rude,
Remember I'm young, and must learn
How to please my dear robin in keeping a house,
Though I be deprived of a worm.

And parting, they each went their several ways,
For each had humbled their pride,
But before the sun set the following day
They had made up and both took a ride.

(Suggested by some lines in the Christian Herald)
(January 15, 1909).

IN GOD WE TRUST

"IN God we trust," the words are grand,
But let us see how matters stand,
For if it's true, then nations strong
Are judging us poor mortals wrong.

For oft we read in letters bold
Our nation has no god but gold;
To see if these harsh words are true,
Let's look at what our people do.

Railroads and trusts, from greed of gold,
Are robbing all, both young and old;
The orphan's cry, the widow's tears
Are met with scorn, perhaps with jeers.

Officers high in church and state
Are trusting all to luck or fate;
Thousands to ball-games daily flock,
While others gamble, buying stocks.

They all go in to win or *bust,*
With money marked "In God we trust,"
And bankers, too, with diamonds decked,
Have of confiding friends made wrecks.

And few of this increasing throng
Are wearing stripes in prisons strong,
For laws are made to shield the thief
That brings to honest toilers, grief.

They mock the honest toilers' groan
While sitting high on mammon's throne;
All this while statesmen (?) loud proclaim
"We'll stamp our coin with God's pure name."

God of our fathers, now forgot,
Though we have sinned, forsake us not;
The motto in our hearts make shine
So all the world may see we're thine.

O, make thy blessed word abound
In every heart the world around,
Then battleships no more need plow
The mighty deep with glistening prow.

Seek first God's kingdom and His grace,
Have love for all the human race,
Then on our coin thy blessed name
Will never cause the blush of shame.

With Christ's pure love within each breast,
The whole wide world will be at rest.

LOVE

LOVE soars to higher flights of joy
Than can be found in things below,
And revels in the thoughts of God
And wipes away the tears of woe.

Love lightens all life's toils on earth
And closes up the open gap
Made by the cruel scythe of death
And shakes the dust from sorrow's lap.

Love viewed the awful formless void
That brooded o'er eternal space,
And moved the Lord to speak the word
That made great worlds whirl into space.

Love saw the diadem of life
Fall from the brow of sinful man
And to redeem his soul from hell
Devised salvation's mystic plan.

'Twas love that caused our Saviour dear
To yield His live upon the cross
That sinners, though we all have been,
Through faith in Him might not be lost.

BEFORE I CROSS OVER THE BAR

WHILE the wind and the waves are propitious
And my craft moving on without jar,
May I serve and adore my Redeemer
Before I cross over the bar.

Not because I am worthy His blessings
Which surround me from near and from far,
May the Saviour in mercy still guide me
Before I cross over the bar.

And when sorrows and death shall assail me
May my faith point to Bethlehem's star
And my pilot make heaven a surety
Before I cross over the bar.

THE ALABASTER BOX AND LOVE

THE alabaster box was broke,
The precious ointment spread
By loving heart and trembling hands
Upon the Saviour's head.

'Twas Mary who, a sinful life
Had lived in former years,
Forgiven now by Jesus' love,
She washed His feet with tears.

And when on resurrection morn
'Midst Easter's fragrant bloom,
She hurried forth her Lord to seek
And met Him at the tomb.

DRIFTING

ON the tide of life's ocean, we're drifting along,
The waves may be high, may be low, or be strong
If our helm is guided by God's gracious hand
We know that on heaven's bright shore we shall land.

What a comfort to know when our voyage is o'er
That sorrows and partings will cease evermore,
And with those who on earth were enshrined in
our hearts
We will worship our Saviour who nevermore
parts.

Any loved ones who followed through sorrow and
strife
The voice of their Leader who laid down His
life
To save us from hell by His own precious blood,
And fit us for kings and for priests to our God.

O think of this Leader to guide us through life,
O think we are saved from all sorrow and strife,
O think from our loved ones we'll part nevermore,
O think of our Saviour, to love and adore!

REPENTANCE

FOR seven months I gladly tried
To lend a helping hand
To one I longed to see succeed
In leading fashion's band.

But when I found mismanagement
And lavish waste of lucre,
I then began to feel that they
Intended me to euchre.

And goaded by reports I heard
Of insufficient surety,
I then betook myself to law
To seek my own security.

In this I erred, and here confess,
With sorrow and with grief,
And ask Thy sovereign mercy, Lord,
To give them swift relief.

Lord, may I not in mercy's name
Thy gracious mercy plead,
For being selfish or unkind
To those who help did need.

I've prayed, O, Lord, thou knowest well,
For means to help the poor,
And grace to look with pitying eye
On those who sought my door.

But when the golden moment came,
I fell and went astray;
Deceived by Satan's cunning wiles,
I chose the evil way.

And now, forgiving God, I pray
This may a lesson be,
And as I need Thy help I may
Help those who ask of me.

HOPING

WHEN the lullaby song of my life has been sung
And I pass from this life to the dead,
May Jehovah in mercy give courage and faith
To relieve me from terror or dread.

And as through the dark shadowy valley of death
My poor soul shall be carried along,
May my blessed Redeemer be close to my side
Saying, "Fear not, my child, but be strong."

And when Jordan's cold waves have been passed and we stand
In the haven of love and of song,
Filled with anthems of praise for my Saviour who died
May I sing with the glorified throng.

Songs of praise to the Father, the Spirit, and Son
For salvation for sinners like me,
Of his own sovereign grace we are washed and made white
By His blood that was shed on the tree.

Could we praise all the time through eternity vast
Our redeemer who now reigns above,
All our efforts would utterly fail to express
The unspeakable depths of his love.

WHY

WE are growing old, my brother,
And it's hard to understand
Why the vigor of our boyhood
Should have passed beyond command.

Of our minds which growing stronger
Comprehend with clearer light
All the problems that confront us
In this world of wrong and right.

Why our minds seem growing stronger
And our bodies growing old,
Is a problem for the future
With its wisdom to unfold.

Philosophers are plenty,
And their sayings very bold,
But they cannot give the reason
For our bodies growing old.

Astronomers may view the stars
And their beauty all unfold,
But they cannot give the reason
For our bodies growing old.

Geologists with bilious look,
Which betokens surplus gall,
Assert for truth our earth was made
Ages long before the fall.

In vain frail man may scan God's works,
His wisdom to unfold,
But in His word they can find out
Why our bodies do grow old.

Yes, praise the Lord who knows all things,
He has the reason given,
Our bodies "shall to dust return,"
Our spirits go to heaven.

THE YULETIDE 1910

THE yuletide season is at hand
And our hearts with joy beat high,
While many faces eastward turn
And by faith they hear the cry
Of angel voices singing
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

And the sweet-toned bells are waiting
Till their joyous tongues can tell
A sinful world still sleeping,
That sweet song we love so well—
"Glory to God in the highest"
The heavenly host proclaim.

Let us join this glorious anthem
As it floats o'er hill and plain,
And adore and worship Jesus
With the angel's sweet refrain,
Hallelujah to the Father,
To the Spirit, and the Son,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
To the blessed Three in One.

CUPID

CUPID one night after business hours,
Say, from ten o'clock until two,
Went off to sleep in a new-blown rose
And to bathe in the falling dew.

His sleep was cozy and sweet, but short,
For before his night's work was done
He had kindled love's undying flame
In two hearts that must now be one.

So the gardener came and cut the flower,
  Thus disturbing poor cupid's rest,
And placed it with others sweet and rare
  To be pinned on the lady's breast.

And when the pair at the altar stood,
  And vowed their love always should last,
Cupid stood by with dimples and smiles
  And covered his bright eyes and laughed.

GO TEACH

GO herald the news of a Saviour here
  In this world of commercial strife and sin,
Ready to save all the high or the low
  Who will open their hearts and let Him in.

Go herald the news of a coming glory,
  For those who will trust in a Saviour slain,
But sorrows and shame for those who reject
  His infinite love with haughty disdain.

THE BASHFUL LOVER

I KNOW a lovely lady that my lonely heart could cheer,
But she lives so very far away I don't see her once a year.
She has never said she loves me, but I know her heart is true,
Yet I fear to pop the question in a letter, wouldn't you?

So I'll write and say I'm coming, but I fear I'll be too late,
For to find my Mae Bell waiting by the little wicket gate,
If I do I'll fondly clasp her in one long and fond embrace
And ask her to become my wife, though she slap me in the face.

THE VOICE

HEED the sweet voice of the Saviour calling,
Saying, "Come unto me and rest,
Your burden is heavy and hard to be borne,
Why longer with sin be oppressed?"

REFRAIN.

Delay not, dear sinner, to-day is His time,
Salvation accept and be wise;
He's calling you now, but remember He says,
"My Spirit shall not always strive."

The voice of the Saviour is tender and kind,
And he pleads like a friend with friend;
He promises strength to the weary and faint
And grace to endure to the end.

REFRAIN.

He sees you are straying in dangerous paths
Of sin, full of sorrow and gold,
And He asks you to come to His banquet of love
That is spread in His spacious fold.

REFRAIN.

O, come while He waits to receive you to-night,
To His spear-pierced bosom of love;
And washed by His blood He will give you a crown
To wear in His mansions above.

REFRAIN.

(*Exceptions taken to a sermon preached by Dr. W. H. T. in the First Baptist Church, June 12, 1910, in which he said God could not blot out our sins and remember them no more. Text, Matthew 9:2.*)

OUT of the vast eternal depths
Of truth and love divine,
The beauty of the character
Of Jesus is sublime.

He said, with only Godlike love
Thy sins forgiven be,
And then with majesty and power
The palsied limbs set free.

Unfathomable power and love
He here to all made known,
And showed by mercy all divine
His right to kingly throne.

And yet we read His precious word
With mingled faith and doubt,
And claim this mighty loving God
Our sins cannot blot out.

If we by reason cannot tell
What makes the lily white,
The daisy crimson, pink or blue,
Then tell me by what right

We limit God's infinite power
Our sins to put away
And then remember nevermore
Throughout eternal day?

If chemicals remove a stain
From linen pure and white,
Why tell me that the spot remains
But covered from my sight.

Can finite man a stain remove
Completely from our view;
And shall we tell omniscient God
'Tis more than He can do?

If all our sins have been removed,
Why then should we persist
In saying God remembers still
A thing that don't exist?

If He five thousand souls could feed
On loaves and fishes few,
Where then can we a limit place
On what God wants to do.

Can we by reason find out God
And His perfection know?
If so, we surely then can tell
What bird in egg shall grow.

His thoughts are high as heaven from earth
Above our thoughts, He says,
When we can span infinity
Then we may know His ways.

Till then with reverence let us say,
"Dear Lord, without a doubt,
Thy judgments are unsearchable,
Thy ways past finding out."

DOES SHE THINK OF ME?

WITH lonely heart I sit and grieve
For the loved one I see no more;
She passed through the gloomy shades of death
To her home on the golden shore.

Made perfect by the blood of Christ,
  She hates a sinful world below,
But I think she loves one sinner yet;
  O, angels, come and let me know.

'Midst heaven's glories where she lives
  I think she longs to see me there;
O Lord, to meet her in Thy home
  I pray my sinful soul prepare.

Then at the blessed Saviour's feet
  We'll kneel and to our God give praise
That to redeem my soul from hell
  His own dear Son He freely gave.

TO A FRIEND

(*After the death of a sister.*)

FLY away, tender thought, over mountain and plain
To the heart of the dear one I love to call friend,
Who sorrows to-night in her room all so lonely
For a sister whose life God brought to an end.

Go strengthen the heartstrings that now droop and languish,
And stay every thought that gives sorrow or pain,
May the solace of grace from the hand all divine
Show her now that her loss was her dear sister's gain.

Cheer up, lonely heart, and remember with gladness
That the Lord in His mercy is willing to give
A reunion to all who believe in His son
With the dear ones who left us in sorrow to live.

In the haze of the mystery that shrouds our frail minds
We are catching slight strains of the joy over there
Where, with Jesus and angels, our dear ones rejoice
At the banquet of love our God has prepared.

Lord, keep us from grieving for those you have taken
To dwell in Thy presence and sing of Thy love,
And fit us for joining the ransomed in glory
In the home Thou has furnished in heaven above.

VOTE RIGHT

(Campaign of 1910 against Vice and Corruption.)

AT the call of the Lord we are marching to-day
To fight for the freedom denied us so long,
A freedom to vote for the truth and the right,
And overthrow vice, corruption and wrong.

Long years have intrigue and corruption held sway
O'er the state of our birth we once loved to claim,
But of late so debauched by injustice and vice
The name Pennsylvania brings blushes of shame.

But cheer up, my brother, the day-dawn has come
And the hand of the Lord now points out the way,
Go vote for brave Berry and Gibbony, too,
Then virtue and justice and truth will hold sway.

No longer the lash of the boss shall be laid
On the back of the man that works in the mill
To force him to vote for a candidate named
By men who live high off the brew of the still.

No more shall the widow bend over the tub
And wash, that her children may have a scant meal;
In order to raise unjust taxes, to pay
The graft of the men in the capitol steal.

No more shall the mother's heart bleed for her girl
Whose cradle she rocked and to whom she once sang
A lullaby song to her innocent babe
Who's now in a den that's controlled by the gang.

O, men, who profess to be children of God,
And washed by the blood of the Innocent One,
Can party ties keep you from doing the right
When you know such corruption is openly done?

Let conscience dictate how you vote and be sure
What conscience approves will not cause you worry,
Then vote for clean politics, virtue and truth,
And you'll elect our next Governor Berry.

WHY SHOULD WE STRIVE?

WHY should we strive for gold that rusts,
Or honors man can give,
When Christ, who owns the universe,
Says "trust in Me and live?"

What comfort to the weary heart,
These words of Jesus bring!
Despairing souls can now look up
And lonely hearts can sing.

From hovel of the humble poor
To mansions bright above,
To jasper walls and streets of gold,
And blessed with Jesus' love.

What tender mercy God bestows
On all His laws who keep
And trust His all-protecting care
While waking or asleep!

We cannot hide our ways from God,
However much we try,
For all our thoughts both good and bad
Are open to His eye.

The good man's steps He guides aright,
In paths of righteousness,
And shields him from the tempter's power
In times of sore distress.

And if, in poverty and want,
His earthly life be past,
In God's own mansions pure and fair
His soul shall rest at last.

IT STANDS UNCHANGED

ON the spindle of time, the canvas of life,
With its record of wrong and of right,
Is being preserved by a hand all divine
And hidden away from our sight.

The ratchet that fastens the great wheel of time
Can by no means be lifted at will,
Nor can we go back and correct our mistakes
And our ledger with good deeds refill.

If that were the case, we would all stand approved
In the land where time ceases to be,
And stand with the purified saints of the Lord
Before His throne on the crystal sea.

But remember, dear friend, and mind what I say
For you cannot trust all to yourself,
To pilot your train through a world full of sin
Where all seek either pleasure or pelf.

Remember such assets will never avail
To secure you a pass at the gate,
For Peter, the solemn old guard, will make known
That your name is not found on his slate.

Riches, or pleasure, or social position,
That are sought for so much here, you know,
Will only condemn their possessor up there
And secure him a place down below.

That is, if he trusted in such things as those
I have mentioned, to give him a right
To the joys of heaven prepared for the souls
That the blood of our Saviour made white.

Trust not in position or honor or wealth,
Naught will avail of all man can give,
A new birth is what He requires of all;
Trust only Jesus, serve Him and live.

THE VINE

UP from between some moss-covered rocks
There grew a delicate vine;
And sought support from some sturd oak
Around whose trunk it might climb.

But seeing none near its barren home
Where its tendrils might be wound,
And finding it could not soar aloft,
It threw itself on the ground.

Then over the ragged rocks it grew
And covered their storm-worn face
With beautiful arms of living green
In festoons of nature's grace.

Here learn a lesson from this weak vine
That sought others to help but found none,
Make use of surroundings God has given,
Trust Him, and go it alone.

And if you do not achieve great fame,
Or riches, like some others,
Spread out the mantle of Christian love
And hide the faults of others.

BIRTHDAY GREETING

MAY many peaceful birthdays dawn,
Your heart and home to cheer,
And may you grow in grace and love
To'rds God from year to year.

FAITH CURES

IF you touch but the hem of His garment,
The virtue of Jesus is sure,
To remove from the sinner his ailments
And sickness and sorrows all cure.

When we know there is power in Jesus
Our sickness of body to stay,
Tell me, why He is not also able
To take all my soul's sins away?

Let me come in the faith of the woman
The touch of His garment made whole,
And believe that a touch of His spirit
Will drive all sin out of my soul.

Unbeliever, by prayer strive to touch Him,
His heart is so tender and kind,
He is waiting and longing to cleanse you;
O, seek and salvation you'll find!

Ask in faith, for His word He has given
To save all who trust in His name,
And the glories of heaven are better
Than all of earth's riches or fame.

What are riches or honors or station
That last as it were for a day,
When compared with the love of the Saviour
That endures forever and aye?

Heed the voice of the dear, pleading Saviour,
Remember the price that it cost,
The life of God's dear Son a ransom
To purchase men's souls that were lost.

CHRISTMAS, 1911

WE hail the natal day of Christ
With songs of grateful praise,
And at Thy throne of grace we tryst
To learn Thy gracious ways.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thou didst send
Thy manger-cradled Child,
To teach our stubborn wills to bend
To mandates pure and mild.

Come in Thy love and teach us how
Thy name to glorify,
And may we in submission bow
To guidance from on high.

May love for Christ our souls inspire,
To praise His precious name,
Until our thoughts shall be on fire,
His honor to proclaim.

Then we, like angels, 'round Thy throne
May hallelujahs sing;
And to the world our love make known
For Christ, our heavenly King.

AMBITION

LOOKING back o'er the years of my life that have gone,
To be joined to that something, whatever it be,
That never knows change like the life of the Lord,
And is known to all people as eternity.

What a strange revelation of things I have done
Come hurrying back through the vista of years,
The things I did then when ambition held sway
Now bring but remorse and the penitent's tears.

Cruel tyrant, ambition in all ages past,
At whose shrine countless millions of votaries lie,
Who had chased the dim phantom of wealth or of fame
'Till exhausted and weak they sicken and die.

The bugle-weed trumpet ambition that lures us,
Like the rainbow that points to a pot of gold,
Are a myth of dark ages we learn when too late
The siren, ambition, leads straight to death's fold.

Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar,
Are examples of what ambition leads to;
The murder of millions and then, like Napoleon,
Find defeat and exile at dark Waterloo.

Thus millions of innocent lives have been given,
To foster ambition for wealth or for fame;
While the cry of the widow and orphans still left
Stamp ambition a spark from hell's cruel flame.

Be content with the things the good Lord has given,
For in a short time you will rest in the grave,
Live at peace with all men and do all that you can
From death that's eternal some poor soul to save.

ELOPING

TO shun father's threatened ire
Two lovers sailed away
Upon the ocean, dark and deep,
In the morning twilight, gray.

An awe-inspiring storm arose,
The surging waves rolled high,
No voice of living thing was heard
Save petrels' piercing cry.

The proud ship strove to stem the tide,
And face the shrieking blast,
But all in vain for soon her decks
Were swept of sail and mast.

The father wrung his hands and cried,
My child, my only child,
May God protect your precious life
From foaming waters wild.

Hot thunderbolts and lightning hissed
Upon the clashing waves,
And yet through all this dreadful storm
The lovers seemed quite brave.

They clasped each-other's hands and laughed
Like persons driven mad,
Then Mary, to her lover, said,
"John, didn't we fool dad!"

JOY RIDING

HUMMING, tooting, how it whirls,
Full of laughing boys and girls,
First the joy, and next the woe,
As around the town they go.

In an auto chauffeured well,
Flying like an imp of ——,
When a turn he tries to make,
Then he learns his great mistake.

For the brakes refuse to work,
And they feel a sudden jerk,
When against a pole it crashes,
On the ground the load it dashes.

Broken arms, and ribs galore,
End one merry joy-ride more;
How did it happen? I have learned
The auto to a turtle turned.

No, no, turned turtle, that's the word,
And when the accident occurred
The auto skidded on the track
And then turned over on its back.

At fifty miles an hour, you know,
Is now the speed they like to go;
And at that speed to make a curve
Is what the chauffeurs say takes nerve.

But truth to tell, it's lack of brains
That causes many deaths and pains.

WOMAN

WOMAN, our morning star,
To guide our infant ways;
Woman, our noon-day star,
To cheer our hearts with praise.

Woman, our evening star,
Our lonely hours to bless;
Woman, to soothe our minds
At the approach of death.

God bless our stars,
May they ever shine clearer,
And ever draw nearer.

SHE WANTED TO KNOW

COME, talk of the love that our young hearts enjoyed,
And the rapture we felt at a smile
That betokened a heart yet unsullied by sin,
The sin of deception and guile.

Yes, talk of the love then so tender and sweet,
That beamed from each eye then so bright,
And the words of affection that burned like a fire
Lit up by a heavenly light.

O, talk of the night that we sat in the bower,
Surrounded by roses so sweet,
And the moon, in her starlighted path, sweetly threw
Her silvery smiles at our feet.

It was there that we plighted our love with a kiss,
A kiss of unchanging true love,
That was sealed by the angel of truth as he passed
Up to the bright mansions above.

Can you tell me once more in the twilight of life
That your love has always been true,
And your heart beats as warm for your aged old wife,
As mine does, my dear one, for you?

CONSTANCY

CONSTANCY, like gravitation,
Shall endure while time shall last,
Cannot be moved by any power,
E'en earthquake, shock or tempest blast.

Constancy of human friendship,
May endure through earthly life,
But too often like a flower
Fades because of sin or strife.

O, that human hearts like magnets
Could be charged from heavenly pole
With the constancy of Jesus,
Filling every living soul!

Then estrangements soon would vanish,
And a friend would be a friend,
Though by trials disappointed
Constancy would never end.

Think how we neglect the [illegible]iour,
And His word of love disdain,
Trusting only human wisdom,
Seeking only earthly gain.

Still His constancy remaineth,
And our hearts with joy He fills;
Still He pleads with love's devotion,
'Till He breaks our stubborn wills.

Gracious God, we plead Thy guidance,
Fill our hearts with love divine,
Then friendships here will not be broken,
Our constancy will be like THINE.

SABBATH, OCTOBER 1ST, 1911

HOW good, and kind Thou art, O, Lord,
To sinners such as I,
Who fail to keep Thy precepts just
However hard we try.

Yet Thou art giving life to all,
A thing we cannot do;
Teach us to look to Thee for friends,
For joys and wisdom too.

For Thou art all and all is Thine,
Around, beneath, above,
The beauties of the earth and sky
All show Thy wondrous love.

Help us to praise Thy glorious name,
For this sweet day of rest,
And for Thy gracious word divine
By which we all are blessed.

Help us to read each line with care,
In faith with filial love,
And find the peace, the joy divine,
That comes from God above.

Forgive wherein we have transgressed
Thy holy laws this day;
All for the blessed Saviour's sake
And this we humbly pray.

HOME, MAY 14TH, 1911

THE central sun of earthly life,
A gift from God above,
Is home, though found in cave or hut,
But filled with Christian love.

Where parents teach the word of God,
And family altars raise,
To train the dear ones God has given,
To sing their Maker's praise.

No wealth or fame that men acquire
Through selfish greed or lust,
Can be compared with joys that come
To those whom Jesus trust.

Dear home, where first a mother's love
First taught my childish heart
To trust in Jesus, Christ alone
Salvation to impart.

Sweet home of infancy so dear,
I seek you now in vain;
For strangers have your beauty marred,
To see it gives me pain.

The strongest bulwarks nations have
Are homes where God is feared,
Where loyal sons and daughters, too,
By Christian minds are reared.

Now blessed be the name of Christ,
Whose word I trust and love,
He will in future coming world
Give me a home above.

There in His loving presence, I
Will find my truest friend,
And join with loved ones gone before
In songs of praise, amen!

THE TIE THAT BINDS

THE tie that binds a life to God
In fellowship and love,
Was never made by human hands,
'Twas forged in heaven above.

Once anchored in a human heart,
This tie which is divine,
Brings peace and comfort to the soul
And makes a life sublime.

No more can sin and strife distract
The soul that trusts in God,
For though He calls our dear ones home
We bow beneath His rod.

And feel that when this life shall end
Our soul will find its rest
With Christ and dear ones gone before
To live among the blest.

Full well we feel no power of sin
This tie of love can sever,
By it we're anchored to our God,
In Christ, and that forever.

PERHAPS A BLESSING

BECAUSE I cannot hear, forsooth,
To clack with those who can,
I'm set aside by old and young,
By females and by man.

But what a blessing in disguise,
It gives me time to think
Of something better than their theme
Of what to eat and drink.

The gossips of the day, thank God,
Have little chance to tell
Me of the social discords vile
That would shame a guest of ——.

The pessimist with solemn face
And filled with tales of woe,
Can't tell me of the evil deeds
Of neighbor so and so.

Then parents often love to tell
About a serious fuss,
Caused by a neighbor's saucy brat,
A wicked little cuss.

All this, and many other things,
I do not want to know,
I miss because I cannot hear
And gladly let them go.

What blessings often in disguise
Afflictions seem to be,
Hiding from us evil things
We should not hear or see.

NOVEMBER 13TH, 1911

(*In a terrible storm this afternoon I watch the sparrows seeking shelter, and then wrote*) :

NOVEMBER showed a kindly face
Until at noon to-day,
And then she scowled and fiercely stormed
In an unbecoming way.

Fierce wind the snow in eddies whirled
Wherever one would look;
And little sparrows shelter sought
In every friendly nook.

Poor little birds, my sympathies
Are stirred within my breast,
I wonder where you'll find a home
This night where you can rest.

May God who notes the sparrow's fall
Guide you to some retreat,
Where neither wind or cruel frost
Can freeze your tiny feet.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN

(*Matthew 18:10.*)

I AM glad the Scriptures have told me
That children in heaven shall be,
To worship the King in His beauty
And feed on the life-giving tree.

O, what would the world be without them,
How dreary, how dark, and how cold,
Would heaven be joyous and happy
Without a dear child in its fold?

May Glod bless the dear little children
And help them to trust in His love,
In death may the angels translate them
From earth to His mansions above.

O, help us to love the dear children
So trusting, so roguish and wise,
The smiles of the Heavenly Father
Seems resting within their bright eyes.

The blessing of God rest on all those
Who teach their young hearts to obey
The precepts of Jesus our Saviour
And trust in His mercies each day.

At last when the ransomed are gathered
To dwell with our Saviour above,
May those who taught children to trust Him
Be crowned with His heavenly love.

TO ANNIE IN HEAVEN

AN honest heart beat in your breast
Toward man and toward your God,
And virtue's fragrant paths alone
Your earthly feet had trod.

Then God who loved you called you home
To crown you with His love,
Where you, with angels pure, may roam
Through heavenly fields above.

Now left alone 'midst scenes of sin,
To God, I daily pray,
For faith to trust His word divine
To guide me day by day.

May Christ, the precious lamb of God,
For all my sins atone,
That we may meet to part no more
In heaven our final home.

THE PANSY

BEAUTIFUL Pansy, brown and gold,
Purple and red and blue,
With white tanned by the sun's hot rays
And bathed in morning dew.

Your gorgeous robe looks strangely rich
For one so very small,
For modesty and beauty you
Surpass the flowers all.

Strange that a beauty rare as thine
Could spring from out a clod,
No, 'tis not strange for leaf and flower
And beauty come from God.

And if we would be beautiful,
Like modest pansy sweet,
We must with faith and love be clothed
And kneel at Jesus' feet.

PSALM 101 METRED

(*David's Psalm.*)

OF mercy and of judgment I
To Thee, O Lord, will sing,
I wisely in a perfect way,
To Thy just laws will cling.

When wilt Thou come to me, O Lord,
And perfect make my heart,
That I within my house may walk
And Thy pure laws impart?

Before mine eyes no wicked thing
Will I permit to be,
The work of them that turn I hate
It shall not cleave to me.

A forward heart from me shall go
And wicked persons too,
Who privily his neighbor doth
With slander vile pursue.

He that is high of look and proud
Of heart I will cut off,
Nor will I suffer wicked men
My holy name to scoff.

Upon the faithful of the land
Mine eyes shall always be
That they in perfect way may walk
And serve and dwell with me.

A worker of deceit shall not
Within my house abide,
Nor shall he tarry in my sight
That under lies doth hide.

I early will destroy with death
The wicked of the land,
Nor in the city of the Lord
Shall evil-doers stand.

THE CHANGE

TIME is winging us away
On golden wings of love
From scenes of strife and sorrow here
To scenes of joy above.

There sorrows somber robes will be
Exchanged for robes of light,
And sin's dark frown will ne'er be seen
In realms of endless light.

And O, the joy unspeakable,
Our Saviour there to meet,
Where we, like Magdalene, may bow
And kiss His sacred feet.

Triumphant Saviour, righteous Lord,
All honor be Thine own,
Sit Thou in glorious majesty
Upon Thy changeless throne!

QUEEN QUALITY SHOE

QUEEN Quality shoe is so handsome
Attractive, becoming and neat,
You can tell by the face of the wearer
She is proud to be seen on the street.

A neat foot is always attractive,
When dres't in a shoe soft and clean,
And this all may have if they purchase
The beautiful Quality Queen.

Queen Quality shoe is attractive,
Excelling all others in style,
And the comfort it gives to the wearer
Produces an audible smile.

Queen Quality shoe fits completely
From the heel clear down to the toe,
Yet the joints are so free in their motion
That the wearer is puzzled to know

How to account for the comfort,
The feeling of exquisite rest,
In their feet while standing or walking
That they look to see whether they're
dres't.

To those seeking beauty or comfort,
As most of us mortals will do,
Will find both combined, also pleasure,
In wearing Queen Quality shoe.

THE HUSBAND'S ANSWER

WHY talk of the love, dear, that filled our young hearts
When the dew of youth lay on our brow;
The then baby love that our hearts filled with joy
Is a stalwart old giant just now.

The warmth of love's smiles that then beamed from our eyes,
And would fill our young hearts with delight,
Were only a shadow compared with our love
Which now shines with a heavenly light.

Think not of the roses or moon-lighted bower,
They were emblems of light and of shade;
But think of the love that now burns in our hearts
With a heavenly light that ne'er fades.

The kiss that plighted our love in the bower
And the joy I can never forget,
But the joy of the kiss you gave me to-night
Is a sun, dear, that never can set.

And now in the twilight of life I can say,
My profession of love has been truth,
And my heart beats as warm for your dear saintly face
As it did in the days of my youth.

MARCH, 1912

'MIDST snow and ice and boisterous wind
The spring of Nineteen Twelve was born,
And since the morning of her birth
We've had successive squalls and storm.

Through dreary months of winter's cold
We all have longed to see you come,
With smiling face of warmth and joy
And songs of birds from south-land home.

But here you are with frown and cry
And nose as blue as Damson Plum;
In tattered robe of winter's cold
You look like any common bum.

Throw off your cloak of ice and snow,
And don the sunny robe of spring,
Bring back the blue-bird and the lark
And let us hear the robin sing.

Let smiles of youth and joy proclaim
Your presence to the frozen earth,
And warmth awake the sleeping buds
And give the crocus' new birth.

Give foliage to the trees now bare,
And verdure to the hills so brown;
Bring sunshine that makes all rejoice
In country hamlet, city town.

Then we will drink your health and sing
Praise to our God who rules above,
For rain and sun for leaf and flower
Which all proclaim His wondrous love.

THE CROSS

THE rainbow arch of covenant love
On thee its colors throw,
And peace and pardon from above
Makes thy rude form to glow.

The emblem of man's utmost hate
Is emblem now of love,
And death the wayward sinner's fate
Is changed to life above.

In thee God's love and mercy shine
Too deep for angel's ken,
And shows compassion all divine
To'rds erring, sinful men.

O, wondrous cross, we love not thee
But Christ, the Son of God,
Who died on thee to set us free—
Him will we love and laud.

SUNSHINE

WHEN the days are dark and dismal,
And the rain-clouds fill the sky,
Then despair almost abysmal
All my peace and patience try.

Then I long to be where sunshine
Pencils beauty on the hills,
And revives the sickly woodbine
'Till the air with sweets it fills.

Give me plenty of the sunshine
That all nature fills with cheer
And makes despondent life sublime,
Giving joy instead of fear.

Let me have the conscious feeling
That there's light beyond the cloud
And that God in all His dealings
Speaks with voices clear and loud

Saying trust not things that perish,
For they all must pass away,
But the word I gave you, cherish
And its precepts all obey.

Then when life on earth is ended
You shall find eternal rest
Where your faith and hope are blended
In the sunshine of the blest.

ONLY THINE

I AM waiting to hear from my sweetheart to-
night
The few words that will bring joy or pain,
And I hope that my heart will be thrilled with
delight
As I hear my adored one exclaim:
"I will be thine only, my dear one,
Always and only thine."

Could I hear those sweet words from the lips of
my queen
Hallowed peace would come over my soul
And I'd quaff the sweet nectar from love's fairest
dream
While my life those sweet words should con-
tole—
"I will be thine only, my dear one,
Always and only thine."

Then through the fair bowers of life's golden
morning
We would wander together in joy
And gathering flowers our pathway adorning
Only death could those sweet words alloy—
"I will be thine only, my dear one,
Always and only thine."

Chick-a-dee-chick-a-dee! I would sing like a lark
If she only consents to be mine,
With her eyes full of light that now shine like a spark
From a magnet of love all divine:
"I will be thine only, my dear one,
Always and only thine."

And when the death angel should come to translate us
From this world to our mansion above,
May Jesus our Saviour let nothing deter us,
But speak only those sweet words of love—
"I will be thine always, my dear ones,
Always and ever thine."

THE VIOLET

A TINY seed dropped on the ground
From where I do not know,
And warmed by sun and wet by rain,
It soon began to grow.

When from the earth's dark cell it peeped,
And by the light was met,
It dawned a robe of azure blue
And we call it violet.

SPRING

AWAKE, O earth, the heralds cry,
At last I've come to stay;
I scatter sunshine, rain and heat
To make sweet flowers in May.

Behold, the hills and meadows now
All dressed in living green,
The sparkling rills and gorgeous flowers
Surpass a fairy's dream.

And man goes forth with horse and plow
To stir the sleeping earth;
He plants the grain and trusts in God
To give the seed new birth.

Man does his part and then the Lord
Rewards him for his toil,
And soon on hills and valleys wave
Rich treasures from the soil.

O sinful man, why should you doubt
God's mercy or His care?
'Tis he alone these blessings give
From out His treasures rare.

All this He does that you may know
The wonders of His love,
And that He longs to give to all
A better home above.

O give your hearts to Christ in love,
Long not for crowns of bay,
Give God your love and get a crown
That never fades away.

FIDELITY

CLOSE by a mountain streamlet sat
A maiden young and fair,
With eyes as bright as polished stars
And curly auburn hair.

In listless mood she seemed to dream
Of days that come no more,
And on her dimpled finger fair
A plain gold band she wore.

The one that placed that gold band there
Was in her thoughts that day,
And well she knew long years before
Her loved one sailed away.

In search of gold in distant land
With which to buy a home
Where they in sweet content might live
No more to be alone.

He labored hard, his fortune grew,
'Till he was satisfied
To seek again his native land
And claim her for his bride.

He reached his home and found his love,
And though he long had tarried,
Her love was true and so was his,
And they were duly married.

BLAZE YOUR WAY

WHILE you're young and strong and healthy
And are fit for any fate,
If you wish to be called wealthy,
Seek it early, seek it late.
Blaze your way.

Trials sore may oft beset you,
And your way be full of thorns,
And your friends may all desert you
Under guise of social forms.
Blaze your way.

For the one who pulls the quinces
On October's frosty morn
Is the one who never winces
But will face the darkest storms.
Blaze your way.

And remember, success never
Seeks the laggard for a chum,
But is on the lookout ever
For the one that makes things hum.
Blaze your way, blaze your way.

THE OBJECT OF LOVE

THERE'S a feeling of love welling up in my heart
Yet the object I love is unseen,
But its sweeter by far than the dream of first love
And fairer than moon's softest beam.

For the object I love is my Saviour so kind
That He leads me by day and by night,
And though sorrows may strive to o'ershadow my way,
Yet His presence makes all my path bright.

Help me praise Thee, dear Saviour, for what Thou hast done,
To redeem me from endless despair,
And provide me a home with the saints of the Lord
In Thy mansions where all is so fair.

Through eternity's cycles I pray, gracious God,
Let my poor tongue Thy praises proclaim,
And be utterly thrilled with delight at the sound
Of my dear Saviour Jesus' sweet name.

Hallelujah to God, for the gift of His Son,
Hallelujah to Jesus, the victory He won,
Let the angels adore Him and saints join the strain,
Hallelujah to Jesus, our Saviour once slain.

A PLEASURE

WHAT a pleasure to ride on the swift wheel of time
As it carries us on towards the final bright goal
Where the dear ones that left us to dwell here alone
Are waiting to greet us in the home of the soul.

In the home of the soul, where the heart-beat of time
Will be stilled and yet life shall continue to be
Sweeping 'round the great open eternity's home,
Ever praising our God who from sin set us free.

The joy that awaits those who trust in the Saviour
Is beyond the conception of man's fairest dreams,
And we must await the progression of glory
That will fit us to gaze on the rapturous scenes.

But one thing we know, for the scriptures have told us
There will be no more weeping nor sorrows' dark night,
But souls will be filled with the love of the Saviour
And will sing of His mercies with endless delight.

O, may the dear Lord give us joy in His service,
Even now while in bondage to sorrow and pain,
That the songs of redemption may ravish our souls
As we sing of the love of the Lamb that was slain.

THE STREAM OF TIME

DOWN the stream of time I'm drifting,
Swifter moves the dripping oar,
Soon the hills of time will vanish
From my sight forever more.

Then what sights will meet my vision
In that vast unbounded space,
Will it be eternal pleasure
Meeting Jesus face to face

Am I trying now to serve Him,
And to make His word my guide,
Striving not for worldly honors
But to honor Christ who died.

Died to save poor, fallen sinners,
Not alone from pains of hell,
But to free them from temptations
In this present life as well.

Sweet the thought of daily service
In the Master's vineyard here.

But O, the joy to serve Him yonder
Where no sin can interfere!

O, my Saviour, cleanse me wholly
From the lusts of flesh and eye;
Fit me for Thy home in glory
And in triumph let me die.

A NAME

A NAME is but a passing thought
Unless that name with good deeds fraught
Lives in the hearts of men.

In vain on bronze or granite shaft
Some strive to make their memories last,
While men and time endure.

More lasting than the sun the fame
Of all who trust in Jesus' name
And help the needy poor.

So if you would in memory live
Your purse-string open freely give
To help those in distress.

With some the Lord has put in trust
Abundance of the golden dust
To make His children glad.

Therefore, if you are seeking fame,
God's wondrous love and truth proclaim
To all your fellow men.

Obedience to the God above
In sowing seeds of faith and love
Will bring a rich reward.

He who a sinner turns to God
From evil paths in which he trod,
Shall shine like stars, for aye.

THERE'S A ROSE IN MY GARDEN FOR YOU

I AM thinking to-night of a dear little friend
Whose warm heart is so tender and true,
But she's off in a town by a lake far away,
Dear me, what can a poor fellow do?

Could I fly with the speed of a bird o'er the hills
That are bathed in the sparkling dew,
I would soon clasp her hand and with joy I would say:
"There's a rose in my garden for you."

I will write and make known that I'm lonely and sad,
And the world with its joys seems so blue,
And I'll say there's a warmth in my heart little Mae,
And a rose in my garden for you.

There is peace in my heart as I look at your face
As portrayed in a photo so true,
And I send you a kiss now and bid you good-night,
There's a rose in my garden for you.

REFRAIN.

Dear little Mae Bell, queen of my heart,
Come to my bosom no more to depart.
Pillow your head on my breast, little Mae,
Let me rejoice in your love every day

I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU

I HAVE something sweet to tell you,
It's the secret of my joy,
And I long to share it with you,
It is peace without alloy.

It is sweeter far than roses
Save that one on Sharon's hill
Which forever keeps on blooming
And the world with fragrance fills.

In this story I would tell you,
There is only peace and love,
Which death can never take away
It comes from God above.

Would you share my peace and comfort,
Seek it just as I have done,
At the cross where Jesus suffered
And by death the victory won.

He will give it to the sinner
That will ask in faith sincere,
And will fill the heart with gladness
That before was filled with fear.

He is waiting to befriend you,
But He will not always wait,
Accept the mercy offered now
Lest to-morrow be too late.

GOD IS LOVE

LOOK into the eyes of an innocent child,
And note the sweet smile on its face,
And tell me in truth if the words "God is love"
Is a difficult matter to trace.

Look into your heart that is clouded by sin
Which is common to all of our race,
Then think of salvation provided for all
By infinite sovereign grace.

Endeavor to fathom God's infinite love
For all who were lost by the fall,
And that the spirit may help you to hear
The dear Saviour's voice when He calls.

"Ho, everyone, come to the river and drink,
Though your sins have a crimson hue,
Is the Saviour's loving appeal to all
And everyone surely means you!"

When we think of the child, the heart and the sin,
The mercy that comes from above
And rescues poor sinners from undying woe,
We surely can say "God is love."

REFLECTIONS ON GOD'S MERCY

MY waking hours upon my bed
Reveal Thy graces so sweet
Of loving kindness so great
No tongue can e'er repeat.

Thy condescending love, O God,
To think of one like me,
Should raise my soul in rapturous songs
Of love and praise to thee.

Thy promise of sustaining grace
Falls like refreshing showers,
Or cooling dew on burning sand
To cheer the drooping flowers.

The grateful homage of my heart
In songs of praise shall rise
To tell the wonders of thy grace
And love that never dies.

And when I am at home with God
Where sorrows all shall cease
O fill my raptured soul with love
To praise the prince of peace.

Then with the angels pure and fair,
In anthems soft and sweet,
We'll cast our crowns before the throne
At Jesus' blessed feet.

WHERE HAVE YOU LABORED TO-DAY?

WHERE have you labored to-day, my brother,
In this world of turmoil and strife,
Have you sought the paths of sin and shame,
Or the paths of a righteous life?

Has lust for the vices in gilded halls
Overcome the conscience within,
Your heart which the Lord had implanted there
To deter you from deeds of sin?

Or did sparkling wine from a gilded cup
Which you took from a jeweled hand
Cause your passions to rise and your brain to swim
'Till your will you could not command.

Then charmed by the smile of a godless maid,
You were led to a bed defiled,

Where unholy amours murdered a soul
Once pure as an innocent child.

Where have you labored to-day, my brother,
On the fields of wisdom and fame,
Or were you picking the apples of sin
From the tree of dishonest gain?

Did you try to defraud your fellow man
To fill up your coffers of gold,
And drove the poor widow and orphan child
Out into the rain and the cold.

Did love of applause from sinful men
Turn your heart from the narrow way
And cause you to bow to the idol fame
Whose honors last but for a day?

If so you have labored in vain, my brother,
For pleasures and riches that pay,
Or for pleasures that make the true heart glad,
Or for honors that last for aye.

Give up the lusts of the flesh and the world,
Turn away from their sinful snares,
And seek for pleasures that come from above
And frees weary hearts from all cares.

Go gather now in the vineyard of God,
Rich clusters of faith and of love,
That fill yearning hearts with the peace and joy
That come from the Father above.

The gathering time will be over soon,
Seek God without further delay,
Plead His pardon through Jesus our Saviour
For sins you committed to-day.

O! COME

O WEARY one, listen the spirit says come,
The Saviour is calling to thee,
Take heed while He says in that tender, sweet voice
"Come unto me! Come unto me!"

The bride and the spirit say, "Come lost one, come,"
While Mercy stands pleading, "O, come!"
In the fold of the Shepherd dear ones now wait
To give you a sweet welcome home.

Dear ones that on earth filled your heart with true joy,
Are longing to see you up there,
To join in the praises of Jesus who died
That you in His glory might share.

O, why will you grieve the dear Spirit away
And cause Him to take His last flight
And leave you to sorrow and sin in this world!
O, come while he still pleads to-night!

LIVES AGAIN

THE soul that once was dead in sin
God makes to live again,
Not for the sordid things of life,
But for the Christ once slain.

What hallowed thoughts now fill the heart
When touched by love divine,
Sin's angry words and looks give place
To Christian smiles sublime.

Then peace, sweet peace, the gift of God
Transforms the life within,
Where fear and tumult once prevailed
Because controlled by sin.

But now, secure behind the blood,
The precious blood of Jesus,
The soul in triumph sings, "I'm saved,
"I'm saved by faith in Jesus."

Dear Saviour, fill our souls with love
For Thee, the sinner's friend,
Help us to love and worship Thee
Till life on earth shall end.

DARKNESS

DARKNESS broods upon the water
While our life-boat rushes on
To'rds the pit of endless sorrow
Where no morn of joy will dawn.

Brother only, Christ can save you
From an endless death for sin,
Open up your heart, poor sinner,
And invite the Saviour in.

Now He stands without and knocketh,
Pleading that you will not say,
Go thy way and I will hear thee
At some more convenient day.

Now is the time the spirit cries,
Brother, heed His call to-night,
You may never see to-morrow,
He may take His final flight.

WHAT IS IT?

(*December 19, 1912.*)

WHAT means this stir in home and store
And people looking gay,
While winds are frosty, damp and chill
And spring so far away.

Is it because school institute
  Is now in session here,
With pretty girls and jolly men,
  Our staid old town to cheer.

Oh, no, that cannot be the cause
  Our town has girls galore,
All pretty and as smart as whips
  And bright in ancient lore.

But something sweeter, dearer far
  Than literary feast,
Is turning eyes both old and young
  To visions in the east.

By faith we see a new star set
  Upon the eastern sky,
While shining angels fill the air
  And shout the joyful cry.

Glory to God in the highest,
  Peace on earth, good will to'rds men,
Their mission ended off they fly
  Up to their heaven again.

The influence of the angels' song
  Pervades the world to-day,
And fills our hearts with love to'rds men
  And drives dull care away.

O, blessed Saviour, help us live,
Not for ourselves but Thee,
And to our fellow men do good,
Amen, so let it be.

A THOUGHT

HOW sweet is the thought that flies westward to-night,
As I sit all alone in my room,
It speeds over desert and mountain of snow
Swift as rays from the sunlighted moon.

And there near the shore where Pacifics wild waves
Ebb and flow on the surf-beaten strand,
It enters a cottage where roses combine
For to beautify pretty Redlands.

And there with one hand on her brow by a lamp
Sits a lady, now thinking of me,
And if I could fly with the speed of a thought
By her side in an instant I'd be.

And after exchanging caresses of love
We would talk of the joys yet to be
In years that would pass but too swiftly away
In our dear little home by the sea.

WHAT IS THE USE?

WHAT is the use of complaining
When everything seems to go wrong
If hopes that were bright are now waning,
Cheer up lad and sing a sweet song.

The trials that meet you are fleeting
And so are the joys that you prize,
The friends that to-day come to greet you
To-morrow your name may despise.

The treasures you long for will perish,
The house that you live in decay,
Your life here will soon be forgotten,
O, why complain, tell me I pray.

Cheer up then and look to the future,
That knows neither change or decay,
And friendships a million years hence, sir,
Will be as true then as to-day.

The friendship of Jesus ne'er changeth
To'rds those who will love and obey,
But will cheer and comfort His children
While cycles grow feeble and gray.

Surrender your heart to the Saviour,
Oh, why will you longer delay,
His spirit may cease to entreat you,
Confess Him I pray you, to-day.

TITANIC'S FATAL TRIP

YES, bright was the morning and sprightly the ship
That started to cross o'er the ocean so wide,
And joy filled the hearts of those then on the decks
As the sunlight played on the rolling tide.

Like a thing of life the great ship trod the waves
That murmured softly their lullaby song,
And all seemed happy as the daylight declined
While the strong, proud ship went rushing on.

As the night closed down o'er the watery plain
The young and the gay got ready to dance
With music enticing and hearts full of joy
It seemed like dreamland with faries entranced.

In the excess of joy the waltzers whirled-round
All keeping time to the music's sweet charm,
But when the great ship struck an iceberg and broke
The dancers grew pale and shrieked in alarm.

No longer the flush of joy mantles the cheek
Or smile cause the heart to throb with delight,
But all cheeks are blanched and heartbeats grow weak
As death draped in seaweeds looms on their sight.

Like the feast of Belshazzar, all their joy ends,
And their laughter is turned into weeping,
And in the gray dawn of that sad morning's light
Many in death 'neath the cold waves were sleeping.

How calmly some gazed on the spectre of death,
As the ship sank slowly down in the sea,
And played a sweet anthem of praise to the Lord,
"Nearer my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee."

We trust the good Lord heard the prayer of those doomed,
To a chilly, watery grave that night
And when in eternity's morning they woke
They were with Jesus in His home of light.

SABBATH. JANUARY 5TH, 1913

HOW sweet the calm that soothes the heart
This frostly sabbath morn,
An emblem of the peace that fills
The sinners soul, newborn.

When from the love of sordid things
Our souls have been set free,
How plain God's goodness then appears,
How plain His love to see.

O, that the hearts of all were turned
From selfish greed and lust,
To deeds of kindness, love and truth
And in God's word would trust.

Then on all holy Sabbath days,
The world would be at rest,
And hearts be filled with Jesus' love
Mankind would then be blest.

Then heavenly joy would fill all hearts,
Replacing grief and fear,
A foretaste of the heavenly joys,
Would then begin right here.

THE FACTORY GIRL. A SONG

I PASS'D through a factory room to-day
Where some hundreds of spindles whirl,
And I saw among many workers
One wickedly beautiful girl.

It's wicked to steal from another
An auto, a buggy or cart,
But this beautiful little toiler
Has silently stolen my heart.

REFRAIN.

My dear little factory girl, I love you,
And if you will only love me,
I'll give you a home by the seashore
And queen of my heart you shall be.

Her auburn hair and sunkissed cheek
And her eyes so tender and blue,
They haunt me now wherever I go,
O, tell me I pray what to do.

I'll seek her home wherever it be
In an alley or business mart,
And ask her to be my darling wife
Or to give back my stolen heart.

Refrain.

ONE BY ONE. A SONG

ONE by one we are passing to the brighter world above
Where no sorrows cloud the faces there so fair
For every pulse is throbbing with the Saviour's dying love
And the hearts of all are free from every care.

REFRAIN—SLOW.

O what peace, what joy to those
Who to Christ their hearts unclose,
Bidding Him come in and dwell
And redeem their souls from hell.

The joy of perfect worship at the Saviour's blessed feet,
And with angels for companion's evermore,
We may sing redeeming love to the sound of golden harps
As the loving Jesus only we adore.

Refrain—slow.

ON THE WINGS OF LOVE. A SONG

WHEN the King of Glory cometh with the angels in the clouds,
And the Angel Gabriel soundeth on his trumpet long and loud,
Then the souls that sleep in Jesus will awake with songs of praise
To the one and only Saviour, blessed Jesus.

REFRAIN.

Away on the wings of Faith we fly
To the heavenly land so fair,
Away on the wings of love we fly,
O, wouldn't you like to be there?

O the joy of hearing angels sing hosannas to the Lord,
As on bended knees they worship the only one adored,
And with golden harps attuned to the Saviour's dying love
They thank and praise His name forevermore.

Refrain.

Would you like to join the chorus in the happy land above
At the banquet of the Saviour 'neath His banner which is love?
Let your lamps be trimmed and burning with a faith that's all divine,
And humbly wait the coming of the Lord.

DEDICATED TO MY YOUNG FRIEND, REV. ARTHUR M. GUTTERY, WHO WAS ABOUT TO GO TO CHINA AS A MISSIONARY

LIKE unto Abraham of old,
God's call has come to you
To leave your country and your home
And loving kindred, too.

And journey to a distant land
That God will tell you of,
And in the name of Jesus Christ
Proclaim His wondrous love.

To those who all their lives have been
In ignorance of God,
When taught His word by you may learn
His name to love and laud.

Trust not in gold or human strength
Or wisdom of vain man,
But teach alone God's love and power
And His redemptive plan.

To free the captives bound in chains
Of sin and death and shame,
Go teach obedience, love and faith,
In Jesus blessed name.

And may the power of love divine
Of Israel's gracious lord
Protect your life and many souls
Give you as your reward.

And when the evening shades of life
Shall shroud your earthly life,
May Christ your ransom call you home
And also your dear wife.

UNCHANGED

WHEN you and I were young, Lucy,
And the blood of youth ran warm,
We could climb the hills so easy
And could face the coldest storms.

Your cheeks were very fresh and fair,
And the roseblush rested there,
To try to kiss that blush away
Was a pastime sweet and rare.

O how sweet the contemplation,
After fifty years have flown,
Of our trysting-place in arbor
Where we two were then alone.

A thrill of joy comes back, Lucy,
As I see your lovely face,
Portrayed so plain on memory's wall
That time can ne'er efface.

The ruthless frosts of time may fade
On your cheek the roses blush,
But only death itself, Lucy,
My true love for you can crush.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA. MARCH 17, 1914

(After hearing a Clairvoyant pretending to tell the future events of a man's life.)

GREAT God, my days are in Thy hand,
Mine end I cannot see,
O, give me faith to trust Thy love
And leave my way to Thee.

And when in doubt which way to go,
And all seems dark and drear,
O, take my hand and lead me on,
And free me from all fear.

The blight of sin has dimned my sight,
How can I know the way,
My future all is in Thy hand,
Each moment and each day.

In vain, presumptious man may strive
Thy hidden ways to show
And future destinies reveal
Of pleasures or of woe.

Then let each day unfold Thy will
To me that I may know
How best to honor Thee, my God,
From whom all blessings flow.

And when at last my time has come,
To leave this house of clay,
Accept my soul for Christ's dear sake
Before I pass away.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, APRIL, 1914

(*Easter thoughts for friends at home.*)

ONCE more time, changing, promises
To us new joys to bring
And with his sunny finger points
To signs of coming spring.

He says, "Behold the shriveled bud,
New life begins to show,
Behold, the streams once bound by ice,
Will soon begin to flow.

"I soon will give the hills, now brown,
A coat of living green,
And on the trees so bare and gray
Bright leaves will soon be seen.

"These voiceless signs of love and power
I, Christ, to men do give,
That they, though dead in sins, may know
In Me, they all may live.

"They speak of resurrection morn,
When all shall live again,

In joys no tongue can e'er describe
Or else in endless pain.

"Each year I paint anew the hope
To Christian hearts so dear,
The resurrection of the dead
From graves so cold and drear.

"To homes of glory, fair and bright,
All earthly homes above
Where sin and sorrows are unknown
And filled with Jesus' love.

"May Easter morning fill your hearts
So full of faith and love,
That you long to be with Jesus
In His bright home above."

THE REMEDY FOR WAR

HOW frail the efforts of mankind
To stay the tide of sin
That sweeps the earth with fire and sword
Above, beneath, within.

In vain we build peace palaces
And call the nations wide
To frame their protocols of peace
By which they will abide.

The lust for power, for wealth, for fame,
All honor supercedes,
To Satan's hellish teachings men
Seem perfectly agreed.

His banner stained with brother's blood,
Men cheer with dying breath,
Or hail with joy the bomb that calls
A thousand men to death.

This fiendish work is all because
God's sacred word men spurn,
And from His words of peace and love
To selfish lusts they turn.

Let them but know the love of God,
And cruel wars will cease,
And through the world with smiles of joy
Mankind will walk in peace.

The love of Christ would make each one
As gentle as the dove,
While o'er the heads of all would float
His banner which is love.

TO REST AWHILE

BEFORE I lay my pen aside,
To close this little book,
May God in mercy hear my prayer
And on my efforts look.

And if I've written aught tha's wrong
In mercy Lord forgive,
And bless the word that pleads with men
Their hearts to Christ to give.

His glory here has been the goal
Tow'rds which my mind has run,
And I have tried to teach frail man
All wickedness to shun.

And now I pray we all may find
The heavenly peace and rest,
Which comes to all who trust in Christ
And are forever blest.

THE END

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